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Contents

The Week 85

Editorials
- Should We Join the War in China? 88
- A Political Realignment in Wisconsin 89
- What the Writers Wrote 89
- Congress Lies Down 90

General Articles
- Japan's Last Chance ..... Ernest O. Hauser 91
- To Madrid: II ..... Malcolm Cowley 93
- Two Poems (verse) ..... Theodore Roethke 96
- Should Palestine Be Divided? ..... H. N. Brailsford 97
- New York Nocturne ..... Bruce Bliven 99
- Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 100
- Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 101
- Summer Festivals 102
- "And There Were Giants on the Earth" ..... Otis Ferguson 103
- The Bandwagon 104

Correspondence 104

Books in Review
- A New Philosophical School ..... Paul Weiss 107
- Perelman (S. J.) ..... Miriam Borgenicht 108
- Bayou People ..... Hamilton Basso 108
- The Anatomy of Jim Crow ..... Abraham Kardiner 109
- Mexico's Way Out ..... Maurice Halperin 109
- Stories of Transition ..... Ch'ao-ting Chi 110
- Essex ..... Robert Morss Lovett 110
- Economic Realities ..... Roland R. Renne 110
- Dust Bowl ..... Keith Hollingsworth 111
- Books in Brief 111

The Week

WAR continued to rage in China during the week ended August 24, with both combatants so deeply committed that there seemed no chance for an early end to hostilities. In Shanghai an overwhelming superiority of Chinese government troops tried to dislodge the Japanese invaders, while the latter rushed reinforcements. The American flagship "Augusta" was hit by a stray shell and one seaman was killed; heavy bombardments started fires, wrecked buildings and killed and injured civilians in many parts of the city. The British government announced its intention to hold its concession at all costs against all comers; the United States government joined it in refusing to accept Japanese policing of the Whangpoo River, but concentrated in getting Americans out of the danger area and keeping more away. . . . In the North, Chinese troops made contact with the Japanese south of Peiping, while the stubborn battle for the pass to Mongolia continued. . . . Japanese Premier Konoye announced that Japan would not assent to outside mediation and was making preparations for a long war. Soon thereafter Japanese financial resources were mobilized to control foreign exchange and to direct capital to war industries. . . . In Spain, the rebels' advance toward Santander continued. . . . Portugal caused a minor crisis by breaking off diplomatic relations with Czechoslovakia, on the ground that the government-controlled armament factories would not deliver large orders of munitions to her. Portugal's dignity was offended by Czechoslovakia's suspicion that these munitions would find their way to Franco.

CONGRESS adjourned after one of the most sterile sessions in history, prevented by the reactionary wing of its Democratic leadership from acting upon most of the measures the President recommended. . . . Senator Black's appointment as Associate Justice was confirmed by the Senate. . . . Progressive members and labor groups prepared to exert pressure for a better record in an extra session. . . . In spite of the hostilities raging in China, the administration hesitated to bring the neutrality act into force by recognizing the situation as a state of war. . . . Contrary to our news of last week, the Department of State insisted upon going through with its plan to lease old destroyers to Brazil, saying they were to be used as training ships and poohpoohing the opposition. We shall see. . . . The silk-and-rayon strike was brought to a prompt and successful close, with upwards of 80 percent of the industry organized and under contract. . . . Revelations of major opposition to unionization continued to be made in the NLRB hearings on charges against Weirton. . . . Though there was a scattering of strikes, labor controversy simmered down, while attention was directed to the internal struggle in the United Automobile Workers' annual convention in Milwaukee.

ONE of the few bills to survive the debacle that was the end of Congress was the Wagner-Steagall housing act. Both in the Senate and in the House, enemies of public housing did their best to kill the measure with crippling amendments, but we are glad to report that they did not wholly succeed. The

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law makes available $500,000,000 for loans, which may run as high as 90 percent of the cost of specific projects. There is a limit of $5,000 on each dwelling place in big cities, $4,000 in smaller ones, not including the land; while it is very difficult to construct for the former sum suitable apartments in big cities, the figure is not prohibitively low in nearby suburban areas. While the law requires slum clearance as a part of each project, the wording is such that this clearance may be postponed. There is a grim humor in the action of House and Senate in the interest of political patronage. Both bodies did everything possible to prevent the application of civil service to the jobs created by the new law, and to make appointments a matter of political patronage. As a result of their combined efforts, civil service applies to positions paying less than $1,980 per year; the Senate must confirm persons receiving more than $7,500; and the House, presumably, gets first chance at positions in between. There is some hope that the bad features of the law may be removed at the next session of Congress. In the meantime, we should not overlook the historic significance of what has happened. Federal aid to housing for the poor has at last been accepted in principle, and half a billion dollars has been appropriated for that purpose. It is a milestone in our history, and a white one.

TAMMANY HALL has made what looks like a serious blunder at the opening of New York City's mayoralty campaign. It has fixed things up for former Mayor Jimmy Walker so that he has been given a job at $12,000 a year as assistant counsel to the Transit Commission, in charge of grades and crossings. Not only does this give Mr. Walker, whose disinclination to work is nationally famous, $12,000 a year for an indefinite period, but it restores him to his pension privilege; he will now be eligible for a state pension of about $15,000 per year for life. Through a legal technicality, Jimmy would have lost his pension rights on September 1, just seventeen days after the Tammany-controlled Transit Commission came to his rescue. The point is not so much whether Jimmy Walker is now unpopular with the mass of New York's citizenry, a question over which there is some dispute. Tammany has blundered badly in permitting the sins of the Walker administration to be revived in the public mind. Already Samuel Seabury, who investigated the Walker administration, has come forward to remind New Yorkers of a few facts:

> Mayor Walker resigned and fled to Europe twenty-four hours before he was to go on the witness stand and explain his personal finances. It was three years before he dared venture back to this country.
>
> Walker's financial agent, Russell T. Sherwood, also fled, to Mexico, to avoid explaining the Mayor's affairs. He was sentenced to prison and to a $50,000 fine for contempt of court, and has never yet, unless secretly, reëntered New York State to accept his punishment.
>
> Sherwood, acting for Walker, opened a secret account with the stock-exchange firm of Hornblower and Weeks, with an initial deposit of $100,000. He used this account, not to buy stocks, but as a form of bank deposit. The day before Walker fled to Europe, $260,000 was drawn from this account.

Mr. Seabury might have recalled many more things. It is doubtful whether Tammany, in its long career of waste and theft, ever went to greater extremes than during the Walker regime. Years ago, Tammany officials used to say that they only stole 10 or 15 percent of the city's money, which they regarded as a reasonable tax, but when Jimmy was in City Hall (afternoons only) experts in municipal administration estimated that the loss through graft and inefficiency might run as high as 50 percent, or $1,000,000 a day. (That was the difference between the costs of operating London and New York, two cities of approximately the same size, and similar conditions.) By dragging the old scandals out into the light, Tammany has done no service to its candidate for Mayor, United States Senator Royal S. Copeland, already under the painful embarrassment of being the German Nazis' choice for the place.

WITHIN the next few weeks, Secretary Ickes will appoint an administrator to govern the giant Bonneville Dam project on the Columbia River. The choice is said to lie between J. D. Ross of the Securities and Exchange Commission and a galaxy of candidates trotted forth by the reactionaries who control the Democratic Party in the state of Oregon. The principal aspirant among the latter group is Thomas W. Delzell, formerly assistant to the president of the California-Oregon Power Company. That a man with this background is not likely to be qualified to administer a vast public-power plant along socially useful lines goes without saying. Governor Charles H. Martin of Oregon, supported by other anti-New Dealers in the Democratic Party, has begun an attack on Ross's character and qualifications. Pressure has been brought on Postmaster-General Farley to force the selection of Dalzell or some other reactionary in the name of "party harmony." Mr. Ross may not be politically pleasing, but he is an outspoken advocate of public ownership and for thirty-five years he capably managed the Seattle city light plant. He has the backing of Senators Norris and La Follette for the Bonneville post. It is to be hoped that Secretary Ickes and the President will not be influenced by the outcries of Governor Martin and his ilk. A statement made by Martin some years ago, when Bonneville was just getting under way, reveals his true attitude toward the vast project that will control the greatest power supply on the North American Continent:

> This power which the government will develop at Bonneville Dam is not intended to reduce the rates of existing power companies.

JOHNSTOWN'S vigilante group, the Citizens' National Committee, which was described in The New Republic of August 4, has taken the logical

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second step in its organizational development by launching, from its new offices at 41 East Forty-second Street, New York City, a "merciless exposé" of "Red racketeers" in the trade-union movement. The labor racketeer, the Committee explains, exploits the American workingman and grows fat on union dues, while building his powerful political machine to intimidate weak public officials and employers. What the Committee fails to make explicit is the fact that by "Red racketeers" it means those labor leaders who command strong, effective unions. There are undoubtedly racketeers in labor unions just as there are racketeers in every type of business organization. We should be greatly surprised, however, if the Citizens' National Committee does anything about the labor racketeers who really exploit the workingman. Moreover, we find it hard to get excited about the public officials and employers who are intimidated by labor unions since in nearly every case of intimidation on record the pattern is reversed. Finally, the purge of the Committee could never have our approval because it proposes to put an end to this intimidation by an appeal to the emotions of the people, aroused through an expensive propaganda campaign.

REFUGEES from the Dust Bowl areas of the Middle West and Southwest are concentrating in California under conditions of the utmost privation. It is estimated that upwards of 50,000 persons are now in the San Joaquin Valley, living in the most primitive kind of tents, shacks, packing cases or any shelter that comes to hand. Medical and sanitary conditions are of the worst. Typhoid, infantile paralysis, dysentery, tuberculosis and other diseases have appeared among the settlers and health authorities are fearful of an epidemic outbreak at any moment. Already the infant mortality rate is three times the normal for that vicinity. At present there is some employment to be had as California's seasonal crops, particularly fruits and cotton, are tended and harvested. In all such work, however, pay is extremely low and tenure precarious, and a crisis is expected next fall when seasonal employment is ended. Authorities say they can give little relief. California laws require that a person must be a resident of the state for three years and of the county for one year to be eligible for local relief, while federal authorities say that the abolition of transient relief leaves them without authorization to extend proper funds. The settlers say they prefer even their bleak prospect to a return to a region which at present means only dust, debt and ruin to them.

THE aftermath of fascist conquest is described in news that is beginning to filter through from Ethiopia. Mussolini makes a bold front of controlling, pacifying and colonizing the country, but actually Ethiopia is a closed land where terror constantly rides the skies, famine is rampant and the Italian "rulers" dare not venture out of reach of their planes, cannon and tanks. A correspondent of The Manchester Guardian says that the Italians keep up a ceaseless and systematic bombing campaign to hold the native population in subjection, that thousands of additional troops, disguised as "labor battalions" are poured into the country each week, and that the Italians are obliged to do virtually all their traveling by airplane, with death as their certain fate if they have to make a forced landing. Ladislas Farago, in an article reprinted in The Living Age, says that no one but an accredited fascist emissary is allowed to enter Ethiopia. From refugees at Jibuti in French Somaliland, responsible former officials of Ethiopia whom he had known as a war correspondent in Addis Ababa, Farago learned that in spite of the continual slaughter of natives there is open and armed resistance to the Italians in all parts of the country. He thinks as many Italians may have been killed since the war ended as during the war itself. The food shortage is so extreme that sometimes Italians join natives in pillaging raids on European centers. Farago quotes French officials along the border as believing "that collapse of Italian authority in Ethiopia cannot long be delayed."

THE President's speech, made just as Congress adjourned, has aroused a hot controversy about political theory. He pictured himself as the protagonist of true democracy, defining democracy as the making of decisions by majority rule. His opponents, he said, put their confidence in the rule of an élite and in safeguards of minorities against the passions and ignorance of "the mob." We think the President's distinction is essentially true. Most conservatives in the United States do not want real democracy and do not trust the people. From the beginning of this nation there have been many who agreed with them and who deliberately employed checks and balances to give an opportunity to minorities to thwart the majority will. Democratic forces have had a continual struggle to express themselves effectively in government, a struggle often unsuccessful for long periods. But the matter is too intricate to be summarized in such black-and-white opposites. Democracy, in order to be effective, needs an élite of its own; its leaders must know how to serve the public interest by shrewd and intelligent action, by daily administration, as well as by making speeches. Majorities may allow a comfortable scope for minorities, and especially the chance for a minority to become a majority by persuasive methods, without accepting minorities as dictators. Minorities are often composed, not of an élite, but of self-seeking predatory interests. We do not have to accept such government in order to escape mob action. Majority rule can be perfectly consonant with intelligent and liberal leadership.

THE silk-and-rayon strike, now come to a successful end except for a little mopping up, proves the mettle of the TWOC. The winning of a major part of the industry for collective union contracts had already been achieved last week, but there were a

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few large companies, led by the Duplan, who talked like little Girdlers and obviously intended to defeat the strike instead of making peace with the union. Because their plants were effectively closed, they consented to a meeting with mediators; but they expected to make this meeting a mere sounding-board for their back-to-work publicity, insisting on the presence of newspaper reporters. They tore up and threw on the floor specific suggestions for a settlement presented by Father Haas, federal mediator. They proclaimed loudly that they were interested, not in attempts at adjustment, but only in police protection. They paid, they said, higher wages than the rest of the industry, and their employees would return to their jobs if not injured or threatened by pickets. After hours of this sort of thing, skillful negotiation began to take effect. The employers walked out of the meeting after having agreed (1) to elections under the NLRB to determine whether the strikers wanted to bargain through the union, (2) to arbitration about wages, hours and conditions, (3) to a method of choosing the arbitrator. Thus the TWOC has demonstrated the two essentials of successful union action—ability to exert economic power, and ability to proceed through intelligent leadership toward the objectives desired.

ONE of the editors of this journal has made good. He has arrived. The accolade has been conferred upon him by no less than the Eugene Field Society, of St. Louis, Missouri. "The literary skill and craftsmanship of your published work," writes John George Hartwig, national president (in a printed letter with the name of the recipient filled in by means of a pen), "entitle you to an honorary membership in the society, and I am therefore pleased to advise you that we will (subject to your approval) enter your name on the roll of honorary members, and issue a certificate of honorary membership. There are no dues or assessments connected with this membership." Mr. Hartwig obligingly encloses a printed letter for the recipient to send back to him. "Dear Friends," it begins. "Thank you. Please send my certificate of honorary membership. I am heartily in accord with the program of the Eugene Field Society and am sending herewith $..... to help the Society carry on its activities." The New Republic editor on whose brow the ivy has thus been placed confesses, however, that he is a little miffed. Here the Eugene Field Society has only just got through awarding him the Grand Cross with Extended Palms for his amazing brilliance as a writer, and yet it does not trust him even to compose a suitable epistle in reply. Surely an author so distinguished should find it within his powers to indite a few sentences for Mr. Hartwig! At any rate, the man in question has not yet sent in the blank. He intends to spend a few weeks at it, day and night, and see whether he is not capable of meeting this great test, of writing something even more brilliant than the Hartwig form. Something, perhaps, with the third sentence omitted.

Should We Join the War in China?

THE SITUATION in the Far East is now more serious than at any time since the Sino-Japanese war, more than four decades ago. Japan is rushing many thousands of additional troops to China and military operations are on a large scale. Many hundreds more were killed and wounded in Shanghai over the past week-end through airplane bombing of crowded streets and stores, bombing that may have come from Chinese or Japanese planes, or both.

For Americans, the chief interest lies in the policy of our own government and regarding this, developments in the past few days have been disturbing in the extreme. For some time Great Britain has been bending every effort to persuade the United States to "take a firm line and maintain a common front" in the Far East. This, it should be noted, is a reversal of British policy at the time of the invasion of Manchuria, when the American Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, fought earnestly but unavailingly to get Great Britain to join the United States in strongly opposing the Japanese action. At present, the British are working toward the particular objective of persuading us to join in guaranteeing the neutrality of the International Settlement at Shanghai, and maintaining that neutrality by force.

There is good reason to believe that the British have achieved substantial success in winning over President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull to their point of view. Within the past few days, there have been repeated indications that the neutrality law would not be invoked. Secretary Hull, on Monday night, August 23, made a most astonishing declaration of policy—astonishing, that is, if it is taken at its face value. He said the war is a bad thing, and called upon China and Japan to remain at peace. If the Secretary meant what he said, and only that, his statement must seem unbelievably naïve. Could anyone possibly suppose that Japan would change the policy pursued for three decades, just by request?

The danger in Mr. Hull's statement is that it may be the prelude to united action of the Powers, containing the gravest threat of war. That there is genuine danger of this is indicated by a radio speech of Senator Pittman, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, the same evening. Mr. Pittman's speech was a masterpiece of muddled thinking and misstatement. He said, for example, that the law must not be invoked to aid the side with which Americans sympathize. But this is complete nonsense; the demands that the law should not be invoked have come mainly from American supporters of China who believe (wrongly, in our opinion) that with the law in force, China would be disadvantaged more seriously than Japan. Senator Pittman says further that the conditions the neutrality law was intended to meet do not exist in the Far East, since

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it envisioned a war with submarine raiders imperiling our commerce. But this, again, is not so. As the Senator admits elsewhere in his speech, the law was intended simply to keep us out of war.

We are building up in the Far East the same situation that existed in 1916 and helped to create the declaration of war against Germany early in the following year. We have recently sold, and are now selling, vast quantities of materials to Japan, materials directly or indirectly useful in war. Twice in the past week or two, the U. S. Department of Commerce has issued statements that we now have a tremendously profitable trade in the Far East that would be adversely affected by applying the neutrality act. While many American women and children have been evacuated from China, we have left large numbers of American male citizens in places where some of them are likely to be killed, and we are hurrying additional marines to the spot, some of whom are pretty sure to get hurt. Great Britain has an empire to protect, with vast interests in the Orient. We have no empire, our investments and trade are comparatively insignificant, and we have the best of reasons for staying at home and minding our own business.

A Political Realignment in Wisconsin

ALTHOUGH Wisconsin state elections are still a year away, political groups are already maneuvering, and there have been some developments that have national significance. There is actually a resurgence of the Union Party, whose very name most people find it difficult to remember. The Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith pillars of that union seem to have dropped into a pleasing ruin, but Representative Lemke continues to recruit and command a real following. His strength is among the farmers who have a conservative turn of mind underneath their seeming progressivism.

For the out-and-out conservatives there is, of course, the Republican Party, which maintains a fairly effective state organization. The natural tendency would be for the Union Party and the Republicans to get together, and this is precisely what is taking place. If the Democrats should join them, the coalition would offer a formidable threat to the La Follette progressive forces who now control the state administration.

Such a move on the part of the old-line Democrats is easier to understand when we remember the continued cordiality between the La Follettes and President Roosevelt. Organization Democrats can't see why the President doesn't support his party's official candidates more vigorously and in particular they accuse the White House of having helped the Democrats to lose a senatorship in 1934 and the governorship in 1936. Even the great pacificator, James A. Farley, was unable to resolve this dilemma on his recent tour of Wisconsin. He brought hearty smiles from Democrats by urging the reelection of Democratic Senator F. Ryan Duffy next year, but at the same time he openly and vigorously praised the La Follettes, who reputedly want to replace Duffy with Mayor Dan Hoan of Milwaukee.

Thus the politics go 'round and around, with the Republicans playing a canny waiting game. The Supreme Court fight taught that group the most effective trick it has learned since the New Deal took office. The trick is to remain fatly and quietly in the background and make the main opposition appear to be coming from the Democrats. It seems to be succeeding in Wisconsin, and if a working alliance of Unionists, Democrats and Republicans is successful there, it may point the way to a similar national attack on the New Deal in 1940.

What the Writers Wrote

WHEN commercial publishers ask to be allowed to publish books compiled by the Federal Writers' Project, they are paying a compliment that is at once hardboiled and sincere. If a publisher doesn't think a book will sell copies and make money he won't bother with it. This crass standard is relevant here because it meets the reactionaries on their own ground to refute their charges of boondoggling, hurled at the Project.

The Writers' Project, of course, has done a great deal more than assemble a number of books that have interested established publishers. It has uncovered a wealth of American regional and national lore, has classified and published this material and has encouraged many able writers. It has done all this while carrying out its primary purpose of affording jobs for a wide variety of persons for whom no private employment was available.

Digging up facts to be included in a book is a much less spectacular process than covering a wall with a mural or putting on a musical concert or a play. For that reason the Writers' Project has come in for a lesser share of public notice than some of the other federal art projects and it may be of interest to review the activities of the writers.

Largest and best known task of the Writers' Project is the compilation of the "American Guide" series. Some seventy-five books in this series already have been published and the entire list of 200 is expected to be completed within the next year. "Washington: City and Capital," reviewed in The New Republic for August 4, has received favorable notice in all parts of the country, as have others in the series. A number of the New England books have been published by Houghton, Mifflin; the notably beautiful guide to Idaho was published by the Caxton Printers, and the "Almanac for New Yorkers" as published last year by Simon and Schuster was so successful that they are bringing out a second volume. Along with the guidebooks dealing with states, cities, highways and waterways, spon-

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sored variously by public and private agencies, there have been numerous books and pamphlets dealing with smaller geographical divisions, special research jobs, etc. On the whole, there has been a sympathetic effort to encourage creative writing; a volume of original material by WPA writers is being published by the Viking Press under the title of "American Stuff." In all cases where books are published by private firms the arrangements are made by official sponsors and whatever profits may accrue to the sponsors are used for the purpose of developing other Federal Writers' activities or are turned over to the United States Treasury.

Congress Lies Down

CONGRESS has adjourned without advancing the program of legislation laid out for it by the President and the progressive forces more than an inch. It did pass a housing bill, though only after crippling it by amendment. It failed to pass the wages-and-hours bill, the new agricultural bill, the anti-lynching bill, the executive-reorganization bill, and of course the President's Court-reform bill. The Congress which did this is not one dominated by a party opposed to the President. Its overwhelming majority consists of Democrats, elected under the same mandates as Mr. Roosevelt.

There are those who are pleased that our national assembly, after having long passed laws because the President wished them, has at last assumed so much independence. One would think, on listening to these persons, that Congress as a great deliberative body examined the proposals in question and decided that it either did not like them or needed more time for their consideration. Of course nothing of the sort happened. The Court bill was the only defeated measure that enjoyed anything approaching a thorough debate. Most of the others were never allowed to come up on the floor, and in the cases of at least some, a majority of Representatives or Senators were willing to pass them if they had had a chance to vote. What happened to the wages-and-hours bill is an extreme though not untypical instance. It was reported favorably by the committee having it in charge. But the all-powerful rules committee would not permit it to be considered. This committee was controlled by Southern Democrats who knew their party confrères would pass the bill if it were voted upon. The desired legislation was smothered in committee rooms and lobbies.

This is not a sign of the independence of Congress, of its resumption of a legislative function aside from schedules laid out for it by the Executive. What has happened is rather more complicated than that. On the one hand, a conservative minority in the Democratic Party obtained control of strategic positions in the congressional and party machinery, from which they could lead many of their colleagues by the nose and threaten trouble for Mr. Roosevelt. On the other hand, the Left wing in the Senate and the House, expecting the President to be able to control his own party, did not lay out an aggressive campaign of its own, but rather left the initiative in his hands. On several occasions, when these progressives were all ready to fight, their ardor was restrained at the behest of the President himself. Thus he has failed to lead his nominal followers, having been successfully challenged, for the time being at any rate, by a conservative minority that certainly does not represent the people at large. Congress has shown no independence; its leadership has simply been usurped by reactionaries.

Some believe the President would have had more success if he had not played such a lone hand, but had used a different tactic which would have enlisted more active support on the part of those Congressmen who favored the same course he did. Others believe that the conservative element in the Democratic Party would have thwarted him in any case. Whichever view is correct, the lesson is clear. The job of the 1936 election will have to be done over again, this time with special reference to Congress. The progressive bloc already there has a role of its own to play, and it should not again wait for the President's cue. It should express the views of those who reëlected Mr. Roosevelt and put as strong pressure as is possible upon the conservatives. Meanwhile organized labor and farmers should scrutinize the records of Congressmen for reference in 1938.

Mr. John L. Lewis is right in calling the behavior of this Congress a failure of responsible party government and a repudiation of election promises. By his inability to control his party, Mr. Roosevelt has lost the initiative. Progressive political forces must take it up. For if the Democratic Party is to fall into the hands of those who want nothing to be done, then a new political organization must be ready to carry on. The nucleus of such an organization already exists, both within Congress and outside it. The same kind of strategy is to be recommended both to influence the Democrats and to be ready to replace them if they fail. It is the strategy of clarity and aggressive action in seeking to carry out the mandate of the last election.

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Japan's Last Chance

AS JAPAN sinks hourly into deeper military involvement in China, a threefold demon is driving her on. The central factors are these: the tremendous pressure inside Japan; the imminent resurrection of China; the less lukewarm policies of Britain and Russia with regard to the Far East. Of these three factors, the first is the most powerful one. Terrified millions, nearly crushed between the millstones of low wages and steadily rising living costs, have to be relieved. Relief has to be quick and effective; otherwise it will be too late.

The rapid industrialization of an essentially agricultural country has carried in its wake exactly the same problems with which Western countries have had to grapple during the last century. But while the shifting from agricultural to industrial production has been gradual and organic in the West, allowing enough leeway to deal with (although not to solve) each problem as it turned up, Japan has jumped with a single leap into the industrial age. Skipping the transition, she has to face the whole mass of social, economic and political problems in concentrated intensity.

Capitalism in Japan is supercapitalism. Patriotism is superpatriotism; and poverty is superpoverty. By a somewhat miraculous process, closely connected with the tempo of structural change during the last seventy years, the complete machinery of the capitalistic system has been grabbed by a handful of family trust companies. Some five families of fabulous wealth between them hold a monopoly of industrial production, trade, banking and transportation. And along with buying, selling, shipping, banking, this little clique of finance barons has been directing and controlling the Diet and policies, has been ruling Japan. Industrial raw materials were bought abroad—wholesale, cheaply; worked up by cheap laborers; sold abroad—wholesale, cheaply. Facing the barons, there was only the peasant; for Japan has remained an agricultural country, the industrial plaster still being a rather thin layer. And the peasant was not a problem as long as he could live. Between the two there was nothing.

But things have changed of late. When silk prices slumped a few years ago the first grumbling came from the agricultural districts and the number of cases in which sharecroppers couldn't pay their rents, had to be evicted, was growing alarmingly. The sons of the peasants went to town to work in the factories. They increased the supply of labor, lowering wages.

The barons of industry and finance at the same time were confronted with higher trade barriers abroad, hindering the export of Japanese goods; with growing recovery in certain foreign countries which again decreased the urgent demand for things Japanese; and with rising raw-material prices that affected the margin of the Japanese producer, who is entirely dependent on foreign key materials. As a consequence retail prices in the domestic market have gone up, bringing a higher cost of living for the individual family. Simultaneously there has been an increase in working hours due to the rising industrial production, especially in the war industries, and industrial wages have been on the down grade all the time.

The trouble with wages is that they cannot rise above the level of agricultural standards. For if there should be a margin, a new flood of unskilled labor would pour into the cities and level it out again. And although the peasants have lately been a little better off because of increased incomes from silk and agricultural products, most of the increase is eaten away by hungry landlords. The government, in order to placate the peasant, who is the father not only of the worker but of the soldier too, has recently decreased his taxation, increased urban taxes, and subsidized the countryside by the profit thus obtained. But higher taxes on the industrial bosses do not better the lot of their workers, who have staged their first walk-outs and even sit-ins. Last spring's elections gave the Social Mass Party thirty-seven seats as compared with eighteen seats in the last Diet. Before that the party held only nine seats.

In this atmosphere of high tension there has risen a third power, filling the gap between capital and labor: the army. Used as an instrument of industrial imperialism, fighting the battles for monopoly capitalism during a number of years, the army finally has turned into an independent power, challenging tycoons and politicians. The Frankenstein monster, created and nursed for the benefit of a thin ruling class, marches on, crushing all barriers, tramping down his masters.

The army's Putsch of February, 1936, was a significant symptom, revealing the peculiar state of mind these farmer's sons are in. They had come from distressed rural areas, leaving a poor and modest home behind; they were garrisoned in the metropolis, were suddenly faced with the wealth amassed and displayed by the financiers. Their revolt was a very simple and natural reaction. It was bound to collapse because no major social force was back of it. The family back home had never seen the luxury of the city; had no reason to revolt against something unknown. But the event was indicative of the present struggle, which is not a struggle between peasant and industrial producer—they are too far from each other—but between the rising force of

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the army and the dwindling power of monopoly capitalism.

All the army wants is to rule. But the only justification for military rule is and always has been military *gloire*. Hence, the army must produce victories if it wants to keep in power. And although the industrialists are directly benefited by the country's increased fighting capacity, their ideas about economics differ too much from those of the army (besides the army's inborn flair for bankruptcy) to bring about any form of coöperation. There does not seem to be any feasible compromise, and rule seems to be assured to the one only by throwing the other back into insignificance. The strides of the army have spelled panic for the tycoons; in 1936 there was such an alarming flight of capital out of Japan that drastic measures had to introduce state control of foreign exchange.

Since then things have grown worse. The urban proletariat, tightening its *obi,* was moving toward organization. Industry was faced with shrinking markets abroad, higher production costs at home. A growing population—producing 239 babies an hour—had to be fed. And although industrial plants were working day and night, the tempo of production simply could not do any more toward catching up with prices paid for imported cotton, oil, rubber, wool and iron. Even Japan could not produce and export as quickly as remittances were due for these raw materials. Gold reserves, already thin enough, were rapidly drained. During the first half year of 1937 the import surplus, amounting to 720,000,000 yen or nearly one-third of the total imports, set a new record. The budget was "balanced" through such a vast amount of bonds that an exhausted public was not able to absorb them. The government, through its banks, had to buy them. The yen was on the point of collapsing; Japan on the verge of catastrophe.

Inflation would spell disaster for Japan because the whole economic structure of the country has been built up on the process of manufacturing *foreign* raw materials, which cannot be bought with a yen any further devaluated than it is at the present rate of exchange. But was it absolutely necessary to *buy* these raw materials abroad? If one could get hold of them without paying the price, so much the better. There was North China, temptingly situated across the narrow sea, rich in iron, salt and cotton. There was no fear of a second disappointment such as Japan met in Manchuria. North China was an organized country, thickly settled, full of activities, with a population that could produce raw materials and could absorb Japanese commodities—more Japanese commodities. Here was relief for the alarming labor situation; because, different from rural, colonial Manchuria, here was a country with a great number of established commercial undertakings that offered facilities for absorbing some of Japan's excess labor supply. Here was relief. But only quick relief could help; there was no time to lose. And with this imperious command deep in their minds, the army marched into the plains south of the Great Wall.

Quick action was imperative because of something else. China's rapid unification under the Delphic personality of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has been the outstanding feature of present-day Far Eastern history. If there should be a compromise between the well trained, well equipped Communist armies that have become the spearhead of Chinese nationalism, and the motley but numerous troops of the Central Government, this united anti-Japanese front could offer formidable resistance to any further encroachments on China's good earth. Recent developments, in particular the willingness of the Communists to play down some of their purely Marxist slogans, have rendered a compromise on a broad national basis more likely than ever before. Thus, if Japan wanted to act, here was another reason for haste.

Japan's communism complex, which drives the ruling strata into bitter antagonism against anything that even looks Red, may have given special importance to this second factor. There is a third development, however, that seems to have been pressing for immediate action. Britain has just entered the final stage in the construction of the imperial defense scheme which reaches from Singapore up to Hongkong. Millions of pounds have been invested in gun emplacements and fortifications. A powerful British armada consisting of five battleships and scores of cruisers is about to make its appearance in Far Eastern waters, there to perform the task of guarding imperial British interests. These interests are growing by leaps and bounds, and if Britain should eventually make up her mind to invest a large loan in the China market, the five battleships will really have something to protect. There are many indications that British Far Eastern policy, after so many years of a complacent sluggishness, has become more active. If Britain means business, however, it is safe to confront her with a *fait accompli.* And that's what Japan is doing.

Along with the British dreadnaughts steaming into the China Sea, there will be some Soviet battleships, which are being built in United States shipyards with sixteen-inch guns, matching the pride of the Japanese navy. This, indeed, was the very last minute to act, the very last chance to be taken. The Rising Sun was in imminent danger of setting. From last reserves funds are being drawn to push ahead in North China, to paralyze the bewildered Chinese government through silmultaneous action in Shanghai. Koki Hirota, father of the famous Three Principles vis-a-vis China, turns out to be the strong arm of this cabinet which had been chosen by the military clique to steer the empire through the most serious crisis it was ever confronted with. The people of Japan are being doped, for a last time, into a fit of superpatriotism. And while the industrial bosses still harbor the suspicion that

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the army is getting a little too much *gloire* out of this situation, while voluntary contributions to the war fund are being given rather reluctantly as yet, new Japanese factories in North China are already being run by the sales departments of Mitsui and Mitsubishi. Monopoly capitalism wants peace, to be sure. But here is the last, the irrevocably last chance. Facing disaster or the trenches, the Japanese nation chooses the latter, giving the army a free hand to blast away at mankind's mellowest, most mature, and most beautiful civilization.

ERNEST O. HAUSER.

To Madrid: II

THE SINGLE-TRACK railroad from Barcelona to Valencia runs generally parallel to the macadam highway. Now that the sea is unsafe, these are the two principal connections between the capital of the Spanish republic and its biggest industrial city, and they should have given us a hint of how much help was moving south. But there weren't many trucks on the highway that morning (there may have been more of them at night). During seven hours of driving, we saw not a single train.

Dick Mowrer had been right about Valencia: it began to make sense. There were fewer able-bodied civilians in the streets than at Barcelona, and more men in uniform. There were no buildings pitted by machine guns. There were no motorbuses, except those needed for interurban traffic, and I saw no taxicabs at all (though later I heard there were a few still running). The posters on the walls were effective in color and message, and they lacked the peculiar flamboyance of the Barcelona posters that ended by making you feel the Catalonians were talking big to keep their spirits up. In the principal square was a big sign intended to remind the Valencians that the front (at Teruel) was only 110 kilometers away. But the first "1" had been torn off by the wind, so that the war seemed very near indeed.

The newspaper correspondents whom we saw late that evening at dinner were vastly different from those I had met at Barcelona, perhaps because they had assumed the color of a different city. They had plenty of cynicism, but this time it was mixed with liking and understanding and even enthusiasm. They talked about the political situation, which they thought had greatly improved under the Negrin ministry. Some of them had been visiting the new factories and collective farms. Others told us a little sadly that there had been two swell night clubs in Valencia until last week, when they were closed by the government. The very last bull fight in loyalist Spain would be held tomorrow. But what did you expect? Even in wartime, Valencia was a pretty good town, though Madrid was better.

"It's curious about this war," one man explained. "You find more optimism the closer you get to the front. At the Spanish embassies abroad, they feel pretty downhearted because they see only the international situation, and it's bad. At Barcelona, they tell you how good they are, but they're worried. Here in Valencia, people feel more confident because they know that things have been improving from week to week. And in Madrid—well, you'll see for yourself."

Earlier that evening I had heard my first air-raid alarm, a screeching of sirens that seemed to come from all directions simultaneously. I went to the window of my hotel room, which overlooked the principal square. The street cars had stopped. Slowly and rather dubiously people were moving down the steps of the refuge that had recently been built deep under the street. Others dubiously went about their business, as if with an ear cocked for the sound of airplane motors. But there was one man sitting on the rim of the fountain and eating a big melon that seemed to absorb his whole attention. For ten minutes the square was almost silent. Then people seemed to decide that no planes were coming after all, and the refuge began to empty long before the sirens sounded again to announce that the danger was over. The street cars started up; the staff cars raced through the streets. The man on the rim of the fountain had almost finished his melon, sharing the last slice with a soldier who sat down beside him.

Much later I heard that three fascist bombers had approached the city from the sea, but had been driven off by loyalist pursuit planes.

The writers' congress opened next morning—July 4—in the town hall. You reached the council chamber by a broad flight of white marble steps, badly damaged by an airplane bomb which had dropped through the roof a few weeks before. The steps had been mended with red bricks; the hole in the roof was covered with an awning. In the council chamber, there were three big searchlights that played on the rostrum; there were newsreel men, newspaper photographers and, so it seemed to me, dozens of amateur and professional picture snatchers who thrust their candid cameras into people's faces like old-fashioned bandits: your picture or your life. For me the day was insanely busy. I wrote a speech, I arranged to have it translated, I listened to other speeches, I attended an official luncheon, I spoke in the late afternoon, dripping with perspira-

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tion; finally, at a ten-o'clock dinner, I was interviewed in several languages, two of which I understood. At eleven I crawled off to bed, missing a late performance of a play by Garcia Lorca that was being given in honor of the delegates. I wanted to get a few hours of sleep before packing and starting for Madrid at eight in the morning.

Some time before dawn I woke to hear the sirens screeching. I went to the window. It was almost pitch black in the square, with only one lamp burning—a dim blue bulb to mark the *refugio*. Faintly I could see people disappearing into the bowels of the earth; they seemed to be dressed in nightgowns and pajamas; in the pale blue light they looked like a river of ghosts. There was a throbbing overhead —"Trimotors," Dick Mowrer said. Then he made me get back from the window. He had been in too many air raids at Madrid, and seen too many corpses; he didn't propose to take or let me take any unnecessary risks.

We sat half crouching at the head of my bed near the outside wall. Dick explained that if a bomb dropped through the roof we were done for anyway, but if it dropped in the square, which seemed to have been the target for previous air raids, the wall would protect us against fragments. There were dozens of explosions, very close together. It seemed to me that some were sharper than others, and I suggested that the dull ones must be bombs. Dick thought that all of them were anti-aircraft shells. We sat there in the absolute darkness arguing without warmth, and feeling—at least I felt—like a rabbit down a hole, listening to dogs barking and shells going off overhead. After a while the explosions became less frequent and fainter. The throbbing of airplane motors had died away. When I went back to the window it was dawn and people were streaming out of the *refugio*. Then the sirens blew a second time and the city sprang noisily to life.

As potential victims of an air raid, we had learned much less about it than any New Yorker would learn that same day, if he happened to glance at the early editions of the afternoon papers. Were there two planes or a dozen, did they drop any bombs, did they hit anybody, were any of them brought down? It was only two weeks later, in Paris, that I found the answer to these questions by reading through the back files of Ce Soir. There had been six fascist bombers. They tried to reach the center of the city, where the government offices are, but they were frightened away by anti-aircraft fire. During the World War, that would have been the end of it. Bombing planes aimed for a military objective; if they could not reach it, they perhaps had a second objective, also military; if that too was inaccessible, they went back to their base. But this is a new sort of war in which killing and wrecking seem to be regarded as objectives in themselves. The six fascist bombers, turned back from Valencia, separated and flew over the suburbs where working people live. They dropped about forty bombs—I had been right about the dull explosions—but most of them fell in open fields. Then the planes disappeared eastward over the Mediterranean.

Two people were killed and a dozen injured, mostly children. I thought of Baby Killer Vincent Coll and how he opened fire with his machine gun in a crowded East Harlem play street. He was blamed for carelessness, even by his fellow gangsters. But then he hadn't had the foresight to announce that he was attacking the Red Hordes in the name of Order and Discipline and the Church.

Mowrer stayed behind in Valencia, where he had business that would keep him till the end of the week. At ten o'clock that morning, after more than the usual bustling confusion and somewhat less than the usual delay, I left for Madrid in the long motorcade that carried the writers' congress.

For twenty miles westward, the highway runs through irrigated orchards and vineyards and orange groves; then it climbs the steep dry valleys of streams whose beds are marked by pink azaleas. Above, on the rolling plateau, the sunlight is blinding. The fields stretch to the horizon in shades of gold—green gold of ripening oats, yellow gold of wheat, red guinea-gold of the furrowed clay. The villages, with their cream-yellow walls and dusty red roofs, are almost the color of the fields.

The Castilian plateau might be the hell to which soil conservationists are sent for their sins. Everywhere the land suffers from exhaustion and erosion. Most of the streams are dry in summer, but their high banks are torn and gouged by winter floods. There are no trees except for those planted along the roads and perhaps, on the rockiest hillsides, a few miserable pines with all but their topmost branches hacked off by peasants looking for firewood. There is not much grass. There are far too many sheep and goats, which nibble the sparse herbs down to the roots, leaving the unprotected soil to bake in the sun and melt away in the rains. There is too much wheat, planted in fields inadequately prepared with shovel plows that spread the soil instead of turning it over. And there are too many people needing always more food and clothing, so that more sheep and goats must be supported on still more arid pastures and more wheat sowed on land that loses its fertility year by year.

That, I think, is the real problem of Spain, the problem that has kept it in an enduring state of revolution and counter-revolution. It has been aggravated by a system of ownership that left the best land to the feudal nobility. It has been further aggravated by the spread of schools where the Spaniards learned that people live better lives in other countries. The fascists propose to solve it by closing the schools and killing off the surplus population.

The chief danger to the lives of travelers in Spain is not the fascist aviators but rather the loyalist chauffeurs. They drive with the horn; the louder it is, the more risks they feel justified in taking. They love to scoot around hairpin curves at fifty miles an

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hour, with a great grinding of brakes and the rear wheels skating out toward the abyss. They are individualists and libertarians who simply cannot keep in line, so that any convoy like ours must proceed by a series of stops and sprints, of passings and repassings and fender-grazings.

We heard that André Malraux's chauffeur, hurrying to catch up with the rest of us, had grazed a truck at one of the sharper curves. The truck turned over, smashing its body and dumping its load of artillery shells into the highway. None of them exploded. But later, in Albacete, they told me about a truck loaded with bombs that had smashed into a passenger train, injuring about 150 people and tying up the line for two days. A squadron of fascist bombers could scarcely have done more damage.

Another village where a big white school is being built out in the fields. That completes a Spanish trilogy: the castle on the hilltop, now ruined; the towering church, now boarded up; and the school that in republican Spain seems to enlist the same sort of devotion.

Very late that afternoon we took a detour to avoid the Arganda Bridge, which they told us was still open but under fire and unsafe by daylight. From this point the road became more crowded with traffic moving northwestward from the railhead: mule carts carrying hogsheads of wine, staff cars, trucks overloaded with men or munitions, Madrid autobuses now packed with sides of beef for the civilian population. Three or four times we caught glimpses of a new narrow-gauge railroad on which hundreds of men were working. When completed it should solve the problem of feeding Madrid and, incidentally, release hundreds of trucks for army transport.

Airplanes returning from the front flew very low overhead. Soldiers by thousands were bivouacked at the sides of the road. Barbed-wire entanglements cut across the fields, and sometimes we saw lines of concrete pill-boxes built just under the crest of a hill. The latest milestone read, "To Madrid—3 kilometers."

When you enter Madrid at twilight, it seems much like any other big South European city. The little shops are closing their shutters; the cafés are full of smoke and conversation; there are thousands of people on the broad sidewalks, strolling under the trees. In the glare of automobile headlights, you scarcely notice the absence of street lamps. The chauffeur, who is a Madrileño, points out the sights with pride: here the new bull ring, here the park, here the boulevards lined with mansions deserted by their owners, here the government ministries, here the Bank of Spain (it's *our* bank now, he says). There are no signs of destruction visible in the dusk, except for sandbags protecting the lower floors of important buildings. The hotel is big, well kept, full of bathrooms, and the chances are that you fail to notice the cloth-screened hole on the fourth story where a shell came through.

It is only next morning that you begin to see how the city has suffered. Just across the street from your window is a church destroyed by an airplane bomb; the roof has caved in, leaving pillars surmounted by little gilt eighteenth-century cherubs that smile at each other across a desert of broken plaster. You walk toward the Puerta del Sol. At first glance, this principal square of Madrid looks very much like the pictures of it you saw before the war, but some of the buildings are empty shells; you stare through the window embrasures at vast heaps of rubbish open to the sky. Eastward the banks and government offices that you saw last night are half of them empty, the windows shattered by the concussion of bursting bombs. All the clocks have stopped (to Madrileños, who never could keep appointments anyway, this must have been the least tragedy of the war). All the important statues are surrounded with brick walls and buried deep in sandbags.

Another day you stroll down the Gran Via, which is the street of big cafés and fashionable shops. Here stands the Telephone Building, highest in Madrid, which has been a principal target for the fascist heavy artillery. Except for a few shell holes, and several rows of windows walled up, and a great bank of sandbags to protect the basement, there is not much change in the Telefonica itself, but half the other buildings in the street have been pierced by shells that missed it. All the windows that look down on the Gran Via are broken, all the steel shutters are torn, all the walls are pitted by shrapnel or shell fragments. Walking northward toward Cuatro Caminos, you see apartment houses with a whole wall sliced off as if by a giant shear, so as to reveal a cross-section of the rooms within; sometimes there are family portraits hanging on the walls. Other houses have crumbled into heaps of dusty stones where the children play war games. As you continue northward, the street begins to be cut by barricades carefully built of paving blocks, with an opening in the middle just wide enough for the street-car tracks. Soldiers are guarding the streets that lead westward. Perhaps if you convince them that you are not a spy, they will let you look out over the Fascist lines from a district now completely battered to pieces. Yet even here a few people still cling to the wrecks of their old homes.

Life goes on in Madrid: that is the miracle. Since last October this city of a million people has been bombed, machine-gunned, shelled and starved; since last November it has been a redoubt, a strong point in the front lines; yet even so it carries on the daily business of living. In the mornings the men go to work while the housewives shop for such groceries as are still available, or stand in long queues waiting for a pint of milk, on the rare occasions when a pint of milk is to be had. In the afternoons, from two till four, the Madrileños sit in their favorite cafés drinking orangeade and vermouth; or they go to the

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movies and see the American films of a few months past. In the evenings, as is their old custom, they walk endlessly up and down the three-shaded streets, courting their girls or gossiping with their friends. They marry, get jobs, look for new apartments: life goes on. The grass is mowed in the parks; the trees are watered by a system of tiny irrigation ditches. Soft-drink stands are busy at the corners of the principal streets. Newsboys shout the latest editions of El Sol and Mundo Obrero. The department stores advertise sales, the biggest ever. Even along the Gran Via, the shops are open for business behind their half-closed steel shutters peppered with holes. Peep through one of these holes at the interior of a Gran Via café and you will see the light ladies of Madrid still busy at their profession.

Of course it is partly fatalism, that famous Spanish fatalism about which we have heard so much and so often. But after a few days you become convinced that it is something else besides. The Madrileños love their city, and they propose neither to leave it nor to surrender it to the enemy. Since last November they have become so deeply involved in the fight to keep it that everything else has become incidental.

There are no longer any sirens to announce an airplane raid, as at Valencia; there are no refuges deep under the streets. Shells and bombs have become natural phenomena almost like the weather. When the fascist planes come over, they are hard to distinguish from the highest of the swallows soaring above the rooftops. The anti-aircraft guns leave little white sheep-clouds in the sky. The sound of shells bursting is hard to distinguish from the sound of thunder. And the damage done by airplanes or artillery is to be repaired exactly like that done by a torrential rain.

One day last winter a bomb fell into the Madrid subway, laying it open to the sky. The hole has been filled now, and the subway runs on a regular schedule within half a mile of the front-line trenches. The little street cars are always crowded and scurry everywhere like yellow beetles. Wherever two car lines cross, a switchman waits at the corner. He used to have a tent to protect him from the searing sun. But so many switchmen were killed near the Puerta del Sol that now the survivors wait in bombproof shelters built of paving blocks, with sandbags on the roof and at the door. Sometimes a shell hits a street car and kills or injures all the passengers. There is no time for panic or outraged horror. First the ambulances come for the wounded, then the undertakers with pine coffins for the dead, then a wrecking crew to remove the car itself, and finally a repair gang to lay new rails and resurface the street. Within a very few hours, other cars are running over the scene of the accident.

Life goes on in Madrid, and the visitor becomes involved in it almost against his will. He may have been frightened by air raids elsewhere—as I was frightened in Valencia by bombs that dropped three miles away—but in Madrid he sees children watching the fascist planes and he is ashamed of being more timid than little girls. Gradually he is seized by an excitement that is mixed with elation. Sleep becomes almost impossible. Instead of dozing in the hot afternoon, he wanders through the streets. Instead of hurrying off to dinner before the restaurants close, he watches two fascist bombers circling the pale moon, and cheers the snub-nosed Russian pursuit planes that drive them back into the sunset. Instead of going to bed, he climbs to the roof of his hotel—as I did on the fourth night of my visit—to see the sky cut into a checkerboard by powerful searchlights. The guns were still rumbling westward toward Brunete. A bright fire was burning just behind the fascist lines in University City, and there were two others that flickered in the distance. I should have been full of pity for the sleeping city, but instead I felt what was almost a frenzy of admiration.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

This is the second of a series of footnotes on the Spanish civil war. The notes will be continued in succeeding issues.—THE EDITORS.

TWO POEMS

The Heron

The heron stands in water where the swamp
Has deepened to the blackness of a pool,
Or balances with one leg on a hump
Of march grass heaped above a muskrat hole.

He walks the shallows with an antic grace.
The great feet break the ridges of the sand,
The long eye notes the minnow's hiding place.
His beak is quicker than a human hand.

He jerks a frog across his bony lip,
Then points his heavy bill above the wood.
The wide wings flap but once to lift him up.
A single ripple starts from where he stood.

Autumnal

The ribs of leaves lie in the dust;
The beak of frost has picked the bough;
The briar bears its thorn; and drought,
That shriveled crops before the yield,
Has left its ravage on the field.
The season's wreckage lies about,
Late autumn fruit is rotted now.
All shade is lean, the antic branch
Jerks skyward at the touch of wind,
The trees no longer hold the light,
The hedge and orchard grove are thinned.
The husk lies open to the sun:
The last of harvesting is done.
All things are brought to barn and fold,
The oak leaves strain to be unbound,
The sky turns dark, the year grows old,
The first snow sifts along the ground.

THEODORE ROETHKE.

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Should Palestine Be Divided?

SHALL we see the creation of a Jewish state in a fragment of Palestine? A month ago your correspondent would have answered without hesitation: yes. The British government had made up its minds with unusual, not to say indecent haste, and whatever may happen to its projects abroad, at home it commonly gets its way. It is weary of the mandate, in which it long ago lost faith. Who could stop it? Not the League of Nations, which always does as it is told. Not the Jews, whose hopes have dwindled steadily year by year. Perhaps the Arabs. But unanimously the few professed partisans of the Arabs in England advised them to accept partition.

The thing that actually happened was totally unforeseen. The House of Commons revolted. The Grand Jury in the traditional framework of English law is a totally useless institution. Every member of a Grand Jury knows, moreover, that his service is a waste of time. Mechanically, as a matter of course, the Jury may be trusted to return a "true bill" as regards all the prisoners brought before it—all save one. But one it will always release, by way of asserting its own dignity. The House of Commons follows the same time-honored custom. It too, as it functions today, is an obsolete and almost useless institution. Its duty is merely to assent (with occasional minor changes) to the bills presented to it by the Cabinet. But at long and unpredictable intervals it does revolt, like the Grand Jury, to save its self-respect. The last occasion was during the Ethiopian crisis, when it forced Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation. Then, The London Times gave it its cue. This time Mr. Churchill led the rebellion, a thing he often does, but seldom with success. He had the backing of Mr. Lloyd George and also of the Labor Party, but these allies would have been insufficient, unless there had been on the Tory benches a rather general feeling that the Jews have had "a raw deal," and that the government had cracked the whip too noisily. You may discreetly show the whip to the House of Commons, but it is a mistake to swish it audibly. Englishmen have their pride.

One must not draw the conclusion that the House is against the partition of Palestine: its vote meant that it is not yet prepared to commit itself as to either principle or details. Outside this island the report of the Royal Commission and the proposal to abandon the mandate were read as a confession of defeat. But if this imperial race feels in its bosom any sense of humiliation, it conceals it with even more than its customary reticence. It throws the responsibility for an evident and painful failure upon the mandate itself, and the League is there to fulfill its customary function: it bears the blame. No one remembers that the League merely ratified a charter that Downing Street conferred upon itself. If there is an insoluble contradiction between Jewish ambitions and Arab rights, it lies in the original Balfour declaration, which was a spontaneous invention of British policy.

The prevailing feeling can be stated in liberal phraseology. The Arabs have proved by a long series of rebellions, which grow with each repetition more widespread and determined, that they will not tolerate this Jewish penetration of their country. Can one continue to coerce them indefinitely? To refuse self-government to the Arabs of Palestine is difficult, after their cousins in Syria and Irak have won it. Yet to concede it is impossible, for they would use their majority probably to destroy the Jewish National Home and certainly to check its further growth. One reflects that this imperial race was not always so scrupulous about coercion. Had it been colonizing Palestine on its own account, it would have shown more capacity and a firmer will. If the Arabs went on rebelling, it was largely because they had the wit to perceive that the British government was itself half-hearted. No administrator of first-rate capacity was ever chosen for this difficult task. My own impression during a visit in 1930 was that only a minority of these civil servants had any faith or interest in their job.

To ask whether this failure was inevitable may seem an academic question, but one has to decide whether partition is the only available solution. The first question is, then, whether even now the mandate could be carried out as it stands. My own belief is that it is too late. If Jewish settlement had been rushed in the early post-war years, on a great scale and at a rapid tempo, it is possible that the Arabs would have acquiesced. It would have seemed to them part of the general upheaval, an incident in an earthquake. What they could not endure—what no race would have endured—was the sensation of gradual suffocation, as year by year so many thousands of foreigners invaded their land and upset its sluggish, medieval way of life. The Jewish claim that their coming has in fact raised the standard of life of the Arab masses is perfectly true. Wages have risen steeply: all the amenities of life have been multiplied; there are roads, schools and hospitals where there were none before: malaria is vanishing. Palestine, which was the most backward region on the Mediterranean coasts, will soon be the most advanced. In spite of all this, and in a sense because of it, the Arabs feel that their land is no longer their own: they suffer all this progress. They look, moreover, on the future with a sense of insecurity: in twenty years or in fifty, when at length the Jews are a majority, what vestige of power will be left to them?

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It is conceivable that if the British administration had faced its task in a creative spirit, the Arab masses might have seen their future in a more hopeful light. Their problem is agrarian. They are the serfs and debt-slaves of grasping and unprogressive landowners of their own race. With intensive cultivation and irrigation, a hundred families could live well where ten scrape from the sand a bare subsistence today. But this transformation requires not merely capital, but education and coöperative organization as well. The first step is to buy out at a modest price the present obstructive owners, and then to settle the peasants on their own plots, with a public service of water and coöperative marketing as essentials of the scheme. If this were done rapidly on a great scale in Transjordania as well as in Palestine, with public funds, the Arabs would feel that a great and happy future of expansion beckoned them no less than the Jews. They are sore today because they must watch the Jews progressing, while they stagnate. Incidentally, some such plan would have broken the power of the Arab aristocracy, which has been the leader in every rebellion. It is, however, useless to suggest anything of this kind to the British administration.

There remains the possibility of some such compromise as Lord Samuel has proposed. He realizes that the main obstacle to an understanding is the Arab fear of submersion. Then let a maximum ratio, say 40 percent, be fixed for the Jewish population of Palestine. It may increase considerably: the Jewish total, though it be a fixed proportion, could grow, and would one day reach an impressive figure. This granted, self-government becomes a possibility. Lord Samuel proposes cultural autonomy for each community. Each should manage separately its own educational and other social services. Joint councils would administer such common concerns as the roads. This mixed state, with a fixed Arab majority, might then join Syria and Iraq in a Pan-Arab Federation.

This plan has found no favoring echo among the Zionists. The suggestion of a *numerus clausus* offends them: they are not ready yet to renounce their hope of a majority. Nor is it easy to believe that the Arab leaders, who have used the crudest weapons of calumny and religious fanaticism in their struggle, are capable of the tolerant statesmanship which this scheme presupposes. But to my thinking the real objection is that under this plan no Palestinian nation could ever come into being. Two races who start life in separate schools with no common language will never learn in maturity the lesson of collaboration. The Arabs, moreover, very much poorer than the Jews and immeasurably more backward, would be left with a much inferior equipment of schools and other social services. They would continue to live side by side with the Jews on a lower level of civilization.

Another plan follows the model of Switzerland. Since the German majority and the French minority collaborate happily there, a plan has been proposed to divide Palestine into self-governing cantons. But the parallel is superficial. The two races in Switzerland start with the same liberal and Protestant culture, and political cleavage follows the lines not of race but of class. In Switzerland, moreover, the French minority is not engaged in an organized effort to turn itself into a majority.

So, by a process of elimination, one is driven to the solution by partition. But the outline sketched by the Royal Commission is in many respects unattractive to both races. The Jews are confined within a painfully narrow area, a mere fragment of their traditional homeland. The Arabs will have room enough, but their territory is poor and arid, and lacks both a suitable capital and a seacoast. Neither race can relish the device of a neutral belt under a British mandate which cuts both territories in halves. Both are sore because Jerusalem is denied to them. That a quarter of a million Arabs should be left within the Jewish state may be inevitable. But if it is intended that they should gradually migrate into the Arab state, the task of settling them there ought to be entrusted to some authority with higher administrative standards than the Arabs have yet evolved.

It is not clear why the Jewish state should pay an annual tribute to the Arabs: if their territory had a legal owner entitled to compensation, this was the Ottoman Empire. Nor is it decent that the British Empire should retain Haifa in its own possession for an indefinite period, and perhaps for ever. This port, with its oil pipeline, has a great strategical value, but the Empire has protected itself more than adequately by stipulating that the Jewish State shall become its perpetual ally. The proposed frontier is open to serious criticism. A very slight rectification would bring within the Jewish state the few excluded Zionist settlements on the left bank of the Jordan. The line as it stands will not be easy to defend against raiding Bedouin.

Again, one asks whether the modern Jewish suburb of Jersusalem, containing the Hebrew University, could not be included in the Jewish state, in the same way that Jaffa is assigned to the Arab state. The old city and the holy places would remain in British keeping. But the greatest defect of the proposed partition is that the big southern desert of Negev falls to the Arabs. It is almost uninhabited today. The Jews would irrigate it and could make it again what it was in Roman times, a fertile and populous region. In their hands it might offer asylum to many victims of German and Polish intolerance. Left to the Arabs it will remain a wilderness.

If the British offer can be improved on the lines of these suggested changes, none of which (save the subsidy) involves any appreciable loss to the Arabs, an incomparably happier prospect would face the Jews than the realists among them have for long entertained. Their home will be built on a restricted site, but it may in time provide for two million inhabitants; they will be their own masters, and the nightmare of Arab hostility will be lifted from their lives. But it is by no means clear how the British

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Government proposes to bring about the acceptance of its plan by the Arabs. In order to extort Jewish assent, the Government, following the report, has prescribed for the future (if it must continue its uncongenial task) a great restriction of Jewish immigration and land purchase. That ungenerous threat (of doubtful legality under the terms of the Mandate) may well bring the Jews to submission, but it suits the Arabs perfectly. Why, then, should they assent to partition? But if the Jews agree, while the Arabs dissent, is the British Government prepared to carry out a division of the country by force? That would involve a sharp departure from the irresolution of its past record. The prospects, then, of this solution, though it may well be the best now available, are still uncertain.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

New York Nocturne

THE FOLLOWING document was handed to me a few days ago by a friend.

It is evening as I sit down to write these lines—evening in one of the quietest, most charming residential areas in New York City: Greenwich Village. It is just about seven-thirty, and I have approximately forty-five minutes in which to write. The children in the apartment overhead have just finished their nightly two hours of jumping up and down on pogo sticks—or without pogo sticks—screaming merrily as they jump. They are punctual, and I can almost always rely on them to stop about now, or at least within two or three hours. I have been hoping they would stop, because at eight-fifteen the child in the apartment below will begin calling out to her parents for a drink of water. She will continue to demand more water at three-minute intervals until shortly after eleven, and this in spite of the fact that during that period she will have consumed several gallons, a tumblerful at a time.

I am particularly fortunate tonight, because the people across the garden are listening on the radio to a detective serial, in which all the characters whisper to each other. The people across the garden turn on their radio every morning at six-forty-five, and turn it off every midnight, except the four or five evenings a week that they are not sleepy. They are generous souls who want to share their pleasure with the world, so they put the radio in the open window, with the loudspeaker facing outward, and turn up the volume to its fullest capacity. It is a beautiful, strong set which must have twelve or fourteen power tubes and six or seven amplifiers, at the very least. When the station is offering a hot jazz orchestra—and the family across the garden finds these whenever possible—the effect is quite stimulating.

I have spent many happy hours wondering whether the radio owners are friends of the people, two doors down the street, who own the dog. I have never met this family, but I know a good deal about them. I know, for example, that they are devoted to the principles of progressive education. They try not to impinge too harshly upon the dog's own personality and, lest they might do this, they lock him out in the garden by himself every evening at eight o'clock and all day Saturday and Sunday. The dog, unfortunately, does not understand progressive education; his feelings are convivial and gregarious. He sits on the doorstep and howls, but never more than twelve or fourteen hours at a time—except, of course, on week-ends.

Ours is indeed a very quiet garden, which is why we are all so interested in the drunks who live directly across from the radio. Because of an abutting wall, I have never seen this family, but I have been able to reconstruct their pattern quite extensively from what I am able to hear. They do not get really loud until eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and they skip a night quite often, at least two or three times a month. From about eleven until one they tell each other hilariously funny stories, and from one o'clock until two they throw crockery and glassware. Usually at about two, one or more policemen drop in, and thus the party goes on.

I often feel how fortunate it is for me that the El is so near at hand, only at the other end of our block. When its trains are going by, it is impossible to hear anything else, and I am confident that for this reason I miss many disagreeable sounds. One's ear becomes so acute that he never confuses the roar of the El trains with the earthquake-like rumble and vibration of great truckloads of coal and other heavy objects, which sweep incessantly down the street and cause all porcelain ornaments on mantelpieces to dance.

We city dwellers must spread our gratitude in many directions, but an extra large portion, surely, ought to go to the inventor of the wax-and-cotton plugs that we all put into our ears when we retire. Next to him, perhaps, comes the inventor of the black, eyeless domino, attached over the face with rubber bands behind the head, to keep out the glare of street lights, airplane beacons and other mechanisms which, as we laughingly remark, turn night into day. With my ear plugs in place, and the band across my eyes, the roar of the airplanes swooping ceaselessly across the rooftops, with advertising signs attached to their wings, often becomes a drowsy murmur like the hum of bees on some sunny, clover-studded hillside in late June. I am more fortunate than many of my friends, in that I require each night only a comparatively mild dose of a single sedative to help me get to sleep. I could tell tales of some of my acquaintances who take supposedly lethal quantities of anodynes nocturnally.

The Village exerts a peculiar spell on those of us who live there. We are the envy of all our friends who dwell in the other, the noisy parts of New York. How gladly, after a brief excursion to such precincts, do we hurry back to its cloistered peace, its brooding serenity. BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Washington Notes

What Happened to the Wages and Hours Bill—
Mr. Roosevelt's Oligarchy in the House—
The Liberals Out at First Base

A LONG, complicated story lies behind the garroting of the wages-and-hours bill last week, just before Congress adjourned. The bill had a majority of the House behind it. It failed solely because the rules committee refused to let it come to the floor of the House for a vote. As the event proved, the House leadership now possesses a degree of power unparalleled since the days of Uncle Joe Cannon. For this state of affairs, it must reluctantly be said, Mr. Roosevelt is himself partly responsible. He has deliberately fostered autocracy in the House. Last week he fell victim to his handiwork, and some two million sweated workers were victims with him.

The traditions, customs and rules of the House are far too esoteric to be explained here. But, in brief outline, there have been two principal ways in which the House leadership has fortified its power. One has been by the suppression of the Democratic party caucus—the sole occasion on which a rank-and-file Congressman is permitted to talk and vote exactly as he pleases. Since the beginning of the New Deal, the House leadership has not only baldly refused to hold caucuses, but has bullied and threatened individual Congressmen who have tried to bring about caucuses by petition. The abortive Democratic caucus called last week to consider the wages-and-hours bill was the only one held during the whole of the session just ended.

The other means of control exercised by the House leadership concerns the mechanics of calling a bill out of committee. Normally, the chairmen of the various House committees, acting in agreement with the House rules committee, decide when and how all bills are brought before the House. In the 1920's, Mr. LaGuardia—the present Mayor of New York but then chief of the House liberals—forced the adoption of a rule by which any bill could be called to the floor for debate and a vote, upon petition by one hundred Congressmen. Under Mr. Hoover, the number of required petitioners was raised to one hundred and forty-five. This change was roundly denounced by Democratic Congressmen, among them the then Democratic leader, Mr. Garner, as an utter subversion of popular liberties and high-handed tyranny. Then, in 1933, the New Deal took power. Almost the first act of the Democratic House leadership was to boost the necessary petitioners to two hundred and eighteen, an absolute majority of the House.

There was a reason for this, and at the time it seemed valid. The Congressmen who came to Washington in 1933 had been elected in the greatest mass upheaval in two generations. They and their constituents wanted action, red-hot and quick. Specifically, they wanted to enact the thirty-hour-a-week bill sponsored by the recently appointed Mr. Justice Black, and they wanted to enact a bill for printing unlimited quantities of paper money. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to kill off both these bills; on the other hand, he did not want to seem to oppose a popular majority of Congress. In consequence, he happily consented to the rigging of the Democratic organization in the House so that control would always rest with a small, congenitally conservative minority. What Mr. Roosevelt did seems to me altogether understandable, but also highly dangerous.

Mr. Roosevelt persisted in his dependence on an oligarchic House leadership throughout his first term. This leadership deserted him in the public-utility holding-company fight of 1935, but in return they again and again beat off printing-press-money bills, and they kept down the followers of Huey Long, Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin with an iron hand. Immediately after the election last fall, crusty, grizzled Bob Doughton, chairman of the ways-and-means committee—the group that appoints all other committees—had lengthy consultations with Mr. Roosevelt, after which he proceeded to appoint conservatives—mostly Southerners—to nearly every key job in the House. The liberals were frantic. They protested that the election had been a great New Deal victory, and the House ought to have at least partially a New Deal leadership. Their protests were brushed aside.

Under Mr. Roosevelt, the House has had perhaps as able a group of liberals as ever sat in Congress. Messrs. Maverick, Boileau, Schneider, Voorhis, Withrow, Coffee, O'Connell, Hill of Washington, Maas, Teigan, Amlie—to choose names at random—have become nationally famous. Yet except for a few isolated exploits—as when, last winter, they defeated an attempt to condemn the CIO—they have never really got to first base. The Democrats among them have never been able to make their influence felt in party caucuses, because there have been no caucuses. As a group, the liberals have never been able to force debate on the House floor, because of the rule that a majority of the House was necessary to discharge a bill from committee.

Whatever may have been the wisdom of keeping House members in a parliamentary concentration camp, heavily ringed with barbed wire, during Mr. Roosevelt's first term, there was certainly none during the last session. On the best authority, it can be stated that as far back as last February, leaders of the House liberals had consultations with Mr. Roosevelt's advisers in which they predicted that both the Senate and House leadership would cut Mr. Roosevelt's throat in the Supreme Court reorganization fight, and pleaded for authorization to organize a genuine New Deal bloc—a sort of Popular Front—to support Mr. Roosevelt's full program. The pink-cheeked eagle scouts by whom Mr. Roosevelt is now surrounded turned the offer down, with the bland explanation that the White House could do nothing in derogation of the authority of the official Democratic leadership. This attitude persisted until May, when it was evident the Supreme Court bill was drawing its last breath. But even then the House liberals were merely given odd jobs to do, and never once was their advice asked for. After careful investigation, I am personally convinced that if the House liberals had been given a free hand with the wages-and-hours bill a month ago, they could have beaten the House leadership, and driven the bill to a vote. Quite possibly they would have had to accept employer amendments, but the bill today would be law.

As a result of Mr. Roosevelt's debacle, the conservatives have apparently decided that the Republican Party is worth

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salvaging after all. Three Republican angels are reported to be emerging from the previously lowering clouds: Mr. J. N. Pew, Sun Oil executive and enemy of the National Labor Relations Board, Mr. Charles R. Walgreen, chain-drug-store owner and denouncer of college Reds, and lastly Mr. Ogden L. Mills, the former Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mills is a complete Junker, but he is not a semi-Fascist, as are his two rivals, and it is to be hoped the Republican organization falls into his hands. According to report the one certain thing about the Republican Party's future is that Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, last season's boy wonder, is to be gently eased out of his $25,000-a-year job as chairman of the national committee. A likely selection for the active head of the party organization, if not for the titular chairmanship, is Mr. William R. Castle, Under-Secretary of State in the Hoover administration.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

Flit for the Dark Corners of Finance—But Who's Going to Do the Flitting?—Comments on Mr. Justice Black

NOW THAT Mr. Landis is for all practical purposes out of the Securities and Exchange Commission and thus the influence of Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, its first chairman, becomes more remote, the new regime, whatever it may be, will look about for some of those corners where a liberal dose of flit may be employed.

In this Commission is a section devoted to enforcement of the utilities-holding-company act which passed with such a rattle of firecrackers and New Deal red fire. The immediate supervision of that act has been entrusted to Commissioner Ross, a kindly and amiable person, who has turned out to be singularly unconscious of what is going on. In this division is what is called the Financial Section, which is in fact the very heart of the division. Since the utilities-holding-company act is concerned with the financing and financial structure of utility holding companies it will be seen that the Financial Section comes near to being the whole show. The man who heads that section is in a peculiarly important spot.

With this flitting prologue, let us look swiftly at a bit of recent history. Surely you must recall the exposure of the shameful crusade of propaganda carried on by the National Electric Light Association which the Federal Trade Commission performed. The Institute was then dominated by Samuel Insull. It practiced such benign stratagems as poisoning newspapers, school teachers, ministers, and others, who in turn passed the poison on to that segment of the public they could influence. The incident produced a considerable scandal. It wrecked the National Electric Light Association. Even conservative spectators lifted their voices in disapproval.

Mr. Insull's great electrical empire reached into the state of Maine to the New England Public Service Corporation. And in Mr. Insull's day, this corporation, which was quite a holding company on its own heath, though merely a part of the chain of holding companies Insull had forged, tried to put over a plan for exporting water power out of Maine. There was a wave of protest in Maine and in the ensuing referendum campaign the Public Service Corporation used all the well known Insull devices for reaching the minds of the voters. It spent about $196,000 in that campaign, but it was defeated by one lone, brave newspaper editor—Ernest Gruening, then directing The Portland News, who went out without funds or organization and through his columns and from the stump blasted the power company daily, administering a complete defeat.

In Part 42, page 658, of the Federal Trade Commission report of its investigation of New England Public Service, appears a list of more than 200 vouchers paid by that corporation to speakers, newspapers and agents all over Maine. These vouchers were paid out by Mr. George Otis Spencer, director, vice-president and treasurer of the New England Public Service Corporation and the facts all appear over his signature in the Trade Commission's report.

And now, where do you suppose this same Mr. George Otis Spencer has turned up? Why, *he is now Chief of the Financial Section of the Utility Holding Company Division of the SEC.* In all the United States there was but one man who could be found for this key post—a former employee of Insull in Maine and a dispenser of Insull money in the poisoning of the Maine mind for the unsavory ends of Power. Need any more be said?

The comments on the nomination of Senator Hugo Black to the Supreme Court were, it seems to me, a good deal less than fair. And this applies to the comments of the liberal groups who gave him grudging support as well as to the tory press which was entitled to be horrified. The comments on Black's ability by the tory critics were the usual reaction to the unpretentious lawyer who doesn't assume the pompous manner essential to proxy-chasing and corporation-client-hunting in the clubs of New York. The truth is that Black has a mind far keener and infinitely more thirsty for knowledge than the minds of such luminaries as the Van Devanters, the Sutherlands, the Pierce Butlers and Robertses, to say nothing of some more imposing stuffed shirts who posture around the New York Bar. The most senseless comment on Black was that one which the liberal groups assented to along with their confused reactionary brethren, namely that Black is a New Deal yes-man who can be relied on to play Mr. Franklin Roosevelt's game to the last syllable. I was amazed that no one recalled Black's fight on the NRA. He was one of the few men in the Senate who had the acumen and the vision to perceive precisely what the NRA was and what it would be. He denounced it when it was proposed and later in clear and unmistakable terms. He said in the Senate:

> This bill, if it shall pass and become a law, will transfer the law-making power of this nation, in so far as the control of industry is concerned, from the Congress to the trade associations. There is no escape from that conclusion. That is exactly what has happened in Italy and as a result the legislation passed by the parliamentary body of Italy, as expressed by one economist, has reached the vanishing point.

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When all the staid old Southern lawyers, of eminent respectability, any one of whose stuffed waistcoats would grace our highest tribunal, were meekly swallowing the NRA monstrosity, Black was denouncing it. And had he been on the Supreme Court he would have joined in declaring it unconstitutional. His reasons against it were precisely those which the Court gave as the basis for its decision.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Summer Festivals

NOT SO many years ago, the summer was an exceedingly slack period in the arts in America; but this is no longer true. Throughout the country, summer theatres now present new plays as well as old ones, and experiment with dramatic techniques far more freely than Broadway would ever dare to do. Out-of-door music, of which the Lewisohn concerts in New York are a fine example, have a seriousness (and a popularity) few persons would have thought possible two decades ago. In addition, festivals of various types are being held here and there through the country, at which persons with a common interest come together for a few days or weeks, partly in holiday mood but partly, also, to participate in serious work, either as performer or audience. Correspondents of The New Republic have lately sent us reports of three such developments.

The Berkshire Symphonic Festival.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, gave a series of concerts between August 5 and 15, at Tanglewood, formerly a private estate, between Lenox and Stockbridge, in the Berkshires. The estate, presented by Mrs. Gorham Brooks as a permanent home for the Festival, takes its name from the fact that Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "Tanglewood Tales," once lived in a cottage on the grounds. The concerts, a great success from the standpoint of attendance, consisted for the most part of works by the standard composers, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Brahms, with a little sprinkling of the moderns, Stravinsky, Ravel and Sibelius. The performances were given under canvas, which kept out the rain, although when it poured, as on one occasion, the music was almost inaudible. Mr. Koussevitzky hopes for a real building at some later date for the Festival's permanent home, and some of the sponsors are already talking about the Berkshire Festival as "an American Salzburg." An interesting point is the comparatively low admission charge, set with the hope of obtaining wide popular support.

The Bennington Dance Festival.—The most important annual gathering of those interested in serious aspects of the dance is now the School of the Dance at Bennington College, in Vermont. Its session ends each year with a dance festival, which this summer took place on August 12 to 14. The school and the Festival attracted visitors from all over the United States, and a few from other countries. Among the instructors this year were Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Martha Hill and Mary Jo Shelly. In the Festival, there were two concerts by Hanya Holm and a group of young dancers, and another concert in which three youthful dancers who are Fellows of the School presented their program. They are: Esther Junger, Anna Sokolow and José Limon. A new long composition by Hanya Holm, "Trend," was danced in part to special music composed by Wallingford Riegger, the final section using Edgar Varese's "Ionization." The Bennington School not only teaches the history and technique of dancing, including stagecraft, lighting and costume, but also offers material to help an audience to understand better what the dancers are seeking to do.

Coal Miners' Songs.—A striking feature of the third annual Pennsylvania Folk Festival, held at Bucknell University, Lewisburg, July 30 and 31, was the songs of the coal miners. The miners who came sang their own songs, many of which have been written down for the first time only recently. The workers in coal who came to Lewisburg had sung at the annual Miners' Festival at Wilkes-Barre, held for the past three years. That the songs have been heard publicly is largely the work of George Korson, a newspaperman of Allentown, who first came into contact with the miners, and heard their songs, while working as a reporter covering mine disasters. Among the songs that were sung at Bucknell were "The Long Strike," "The Sliding Scale," "The Strike of 1902," "The Black Legs," "The Knights of Labor Strike" and "Me, Johnny Mitchell Man," which records the loyalty of the Slavic miners, called on strike by John Mitchell. None of these songs has the fine quality of the "Coal Cracker's Song," by Robert Allison Evans, published in The New Republic of February 17, 1937, but the mood of many is similar.

Many of the miners' songs reflect the pessimism engendered by the hardness of the life and the lack of security in coal. Characteristic in this regard are the words of "The Miners' Old Refrain":

I'm getting old and feeble and I cannot work no more;
I have laid the rusty mining tools away—
For forty years and over I have toiled about the mines,
But now I'm getting feeble, old and gray.
I started in the breaker and went back to it again,
But now my work is finished for all time;
The only place that's left me is the almshouse for a home,
That's where I'll lay this weary head of mine.

Among the joyous moments in the miner's life is the renewal of work after a long layoff, celebrated in "When the Breaker Starts Up the Full Time":

Then it's ah my, if the news be true,
Me store bill's the first thing I'll pay.
A stuff parlor suit and a lounge I will buy,
And an organ for Brigie, hooray.
Me calico shirt I'll throw in the dirt,
When the breaker starts up the full time.

Some of the songs deal with big doings and big talking in the old-time saloons. But here at the end there is space for only one stanza of "Mining in the Barroom":

I'm a celebrated working man, my duties I don't shirk,
I can cut more coal than any man from Pittsburgh to New York.
It certainly is a terror boys, how I get through my work
When I'm seated in the glory of the barroom.

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"And There Were Giants on the Earth"

TOP PLACE in importance for the week goes to the set of pictures Joris Ivens brought back from the Madrid area and has finally got edited, scored for music and ready to go. His camera was in the fields, the rocking streets of the city, behind redoubts and with the tanks, sometimes in the advancing front line. He got as much of it as he could under such difficulties, sizing up not only perspective, sufficiency of lighting, the best points of shelter and focus, sizing up as well how each thing would fit with his idea. Then he took what he had and worked out his idea through it.

There are two simple themes: the suffering and dogged purposefulness of war for the cause; and the bulk and onward motion of the cause itself—the earth and its rightful function and what the chance to use and irrigate it will bring forth for men to eat, and how they will not be denied now at last even if they have to die for it. The film opens on the husbandry of the countryside, the look and meaning of the land. A spoken comment rushes in here to assume the unestablished, its faulty cuing presently demonstrated by the ease with which the film brings about the contrast in its own terms. Over the loaves of bread from the ovens, the war posters look down, and over the ordered fields and fruit trees the sound of firing comes to end the first sequence, the explosions growing louder, still unseen.

Then the defense of Madrid, the ravages within the city, the fighting itself, rifle and machine-gun fire from the gaunt shells of buildings, field-pieces in the orchard, citizens lined up to drill and become soldiers, soldiers lined up for attack or for soup, scattered in sleep or sniping positions or over newspapers. In the trenches as in the city life goes on, precarious but familiar, a strange world of death and strenuous doing, yet somehow the same, people clinging to their songs and houses, and in the fields there is yeoman work on the ditches and rude aqueducts: much of the old machine is down or silent but the life processes go on and a new machinery must be set up. And over all this, the strangeness itself becomes a part of routine, the heightened tempo of trucks hammering up with soldiers, the big planes out of the cloud somewhere and the air full of plaster dust, stretchers and ambulances by the door.

Though the camera never seems to get near enough the business end of things to catch the fearful symbol of the enemy or tell-tale thinning of the line (one figure falls; for the rest we get a particular group, the scream of a shell on the sound track, and cut to a stock explosion), the picture is definitely on the side of the harsh truth, for there are plenty of close-ups of violent death after the fact, and the comment is beautifully explicit on the price men will pay—that advance in echelons of six, the six becoming five and the four three and this is the way they go into action, not with trumpets. Yet one of the most convincing things about it is its abstention from bombast and sloganism.

Much of the carrying power in understatement should be credited to Ernest Hemingway's commentary. His voice doesn't come over too well, and what with his suggestion of some overrehearsed WNEW announcer in an embarrassment it isn't vintage Hemingway; but with his knowledge and quiet statement of the odds against survival, that feeling for the people of Spain which comes from his heart, the combination of experience and intuition directing your attention quietly to the mortal truth you might well have missed in the frame, there could hardly be a better choice.

But the rest of the credit goes to Ivens and his unquenchable feeling for the life of people, at war or at work. He might have found a way around the sort of scene where "natural" people are not natural at all but stiff and uneasy, and he skimped a little. But what he has brought back is convincing as the real thing, sparing neither cause nor effect, talking straightly as a man should talk. There are beautiful shots of ruin against the sky, and of the rise of native hills under it. There is no razzmatazz of angles, trick dissolves, symbols as such. He has saved for the last the advance that took the bridge and the running comment of symbol-in-fact represented by the completion of the business that loosed the water over the parched waiting land—but the whole film had been built up toward these two things, not just around them as spectacle. And though it is not a great film, it has been made so that somehow the power and meaning of its subject matter is there to feed the imagination of those who have any.

It isn't so much in the outward drama of the attack, the rattling trucks and tanks, breastworks and machine-gun placements and range-finders. These things are here but subordinated to a purpose, which is recorded in this camera simply because it is there in Ivens' and Hemingway's people—the serene grim cast of feature or carriage of the body, the fine figure of a man who comes up to address his brigade or parliamentary body. Men for the most part whose clouds of doubt and petty worry have burned off before a confident power imposing its symmetry from within. Relaxed, haggard or plain dirty, one after another is seen on the screen going through his heavy job as though in very token of the fact that a million or ten thousand or even fifty such cannot be wrong. There is no need for vilification and babble of glory here; showing the Spanish land and the people related to it, the film does not have to raise its voice to be undeniable, its report a plain testimonial to the way men can be lifted clear beyond themselves by the conception of and full response to the epic demand of their time.

Another important picture for today is "Dead End," as scrupulous and handsome a production as you could ask (William Wyler working for Samuel Goldwyn again). Having been made from a stage play it lies open to all sorts of tricky discussion and hitting of pro over the head with con; but for the main part it is a vivid movie with a drive of truth and groupings of street kids (from the Broadway cast) that will take your breath away. Its theme is the effect of environment on character and career; its story has the poor youth find the way to his true love, trouble building in the neighborhood, the public enemy trapped. But the best values are the sidelights on life in the city and on the various human elements represented by the children, Sylvia Sydney, Humphrey Bogart, parents, policemen, etc. The lines are good—humorous or grim but always racy—and the people give life to them, the continuity and direction are straightforward and clear. And

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outside some too obvious contrasts and unreal background processing, it follows "Ceiling Zero," "Night Must Fall," etc., in the class of screen adaptations sound enough in wind and limb to run by themselves.

It is true of these productions that the ranging energy and mobile freedom of the screen story are put on the short tether of the original restricted form; it is true that Hollywood was not the nurturing ground for their material and thus that they are part of picture development only by chance, and not organic. But their importance should never be obscured with quibbling over Derivation and Pure Form. One after another these films raise the artistic level of films in general; their success widens the cultural expectations and capacity of an audience of millions and (even more important) of the producers themselves, willy-nilly, breaking down superstition and giving the good craftsmen confidence and some comfort. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Don't get the idea that they are trying to make soldiers at Castle Heights [Bernarr Macfadden's school]. Not by a long shot. They are trying to build men.

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY SELECTED AS HONOR MILITARY SCHOOL 1937 STOP SECRETARY OF WAR EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS.—*The statement and the quotation of the telegram are from the same article by Floyd Gibbons, in Mr. Macfadden's Liberty.*

Father Sancho declared that in Barcelona, Communists dug up the coffins of nuns.

"They played football with the skulls," he added.—*The Very Rev. Sylvester Sancho, O.P., in an address at Catholic University, Washington, D.C., quoted in The Washington Post.*

Manners—even toothbrush-using—depend on morals, in a wide sense: on belief in the incarnation of Christ and in the fellowship of His Church.—*Keighley (England) Church Magazine, quoted in The New Statesman.*

THE LONG-GREEN PASTURES

I have been "razzed" quite a bit by certain members of this association on account of being a Sunday School teacher. But in my town there is a large lumber business owned by two brothers. Somehow or other I was never able to get next to these boys until I found out about a warehouse concern which was in the market for a large amount of rough lumber and put them next to that and they sold the lumber. That was a material service rendered. But I did them a better service. I finally got those boys into that Sunday School class. The good Lord always looks after His own. That gave me the contact.

As a result of a combination of material and spiritual services, there is in this room one special agent who can vouch for the fact that on Monday I shook the non-stocks loose from a $1,070 premium and it was written in his company.—*From a speech by H. Clay Smith, insurance agent of Cullman, Alabama, printed in The U.S. Fidelity and Guaranty Co. Bulletin.*

ME AND THE BOY FRIEND

He is not tall, he is a little heavy, his body is timid. Ah! His glance is unforgettable, like that of all rare beings. A troubled and trembling glance, full of sweetness; the man is delicious and mysterious. . . .His forehead is beautiful . . . with feminine sensitiveness and delicate features. In the smile of this warrior one sees a woman's soul and a child's heart. The ravishing thing about Franco is his purity.—*Description of General Franco, leader of the Spanish rebels, by René Benjamin, quoted from the French conservative weekly, Candide, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer.*

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF STATESMEN

Diplomacy, as I interpret it, nowadays consists largely in coöperating with American business.—*Statement of Jefferson Caffery, American Ambassador to Brazil, quoted in News-Week.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Wilson, Hook and Marx

SIR: In Mr. Edmund Wilson's review, "Taking the Marxist Dialectic Apart" [The New Republic, August 4], I find the ghost of Bishop Berkeley walking again. Not being a spiritualist, I had given up all thoughts that he could creep once more into our most enlightened minds, and blight them with the canker of idealism, that sacrosanct entity of the anti-materialists—*esse est percipi.*

Of course Professor Sidney Hook is an old story (he has insidious reasons) but for Edmund Wilson to go the way of weak flesh is disappointing. Mr. Wilson uses the phrase "relative to the observer" in a way the good Bishop used it—unscientifically. Berkeley proved the existence of God, and Mr. Wilson disproves the all-pervasive qualities of the Marxist dialectic with the same type of reasoning. As a physicist and a Marxist to boot I cannot let such inaccuracies pass unchallenged. . . .

ROBERT WALTER GOODMAN.

Loomis, N. Y.

SIR: For Wilson's enlightenment, Engels never defined or expressed the dialectic process in terms of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. The triadic unity has become an unholy trinity in the hands of those would-be Marxists. Engels in his "Feuerbach" had the following to say about the dialectical process:

> We [Marx and Engels] comprehended the concepts in our heads materialistically—as images of real things instead of regarding real things as images of this or that stage in the development of the absolute concept. Thus dialectics reduced itself to the science of the general laws of motion, alike of the external world and of human thought—two sets of laws which are identical in substance but which differ in their expression, in so far as the human mind can apply them consciously, whereas in nature, and also, up to now (for the most part), in human history these laws assert themselves unconsciously in the form of external necessity in the midst of an endless series of seeming accidents.

No Marxist has ever maintained that the dialectic was "a fundamental natural principle animating the physical world."

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Engels' definition above of dialectics explodes the popular misconception . . . that the dialectical principle was something metaphysically animated. Dialectics implies only that the natural world is one of matter in motion; that the social world, being a part of nature, reflects the laws of motion in its realm, on a qualitatively higher level—social life being differentiated from lower forms of animal life in that man possesses consciousness—the factor that makes man's life purposive. . . .

JOEL SCHACHNER.

Jersey City, N. J.

SIR: I have just read Edmund Wilson's review of Hook's two books on Marxism and am puzzled as to Wilson's central point. For at the end of his discussion, I find that there is not much left of Marxism or of Hook.

Wilson begins by giving the impression that his article is going to be a panegyric on Hook as a Marxist. Yet, in the same paragraph, he states that Hook is mistaken about "some fundamental questions." What does this mean? It may be possible to give an adequate explanation of an idea, even if one does not agree with it. But how can one be called a valuable expositor of an idea about which one is mistaken? And that seems to be precisely what Wilson is saying. His conclusion puzzled me all the more, for the objections Wilson raises against Hook more or less tally with some of those which I have made elsewhere (Science and Society, January, 1937). But it had never occurred to me to conclude therefore, as Wilson does, by hailing Hook as the most valuable expositor of Marx and Engels in English. . . .

Andover, N. J. HARRY SLOCHOWER.

SIR: Mr. Wilson cites with approval Dr. Hook's *obiter dicta* that the dialectical change of water to steam (quantity into quality) is invalid when that change takes place within a steam radiator and consequently cannot be directly observed by the examiner.

Both Dr. Hook and Mr. Wilson cannot be unaware that this ingenious example challenges not the existence of dialectical processes in nature but a far more fundamental assumption of Marxist theory—the existence and development of the objective world independent of man's cognition. If the vitality of scientific data is to be questioned by the temporary and accidental interference of ten feet of metal pipe the entire materialistic case must be junked and supplanted by the Humean and idealist "relativism" of the Hook and Wilson variety. There is no middle course.

Either real processes are conditioned by the "point of view" or the "position of the observer" (phrases to which Mr. Wilson seems particularly addicted) or they exist independently of the observer. The latter position is that which Marx and Engels unequivocally asserted throughout the entirety of their careers. The former position is that of Berkeley, Hume and their present-day followers.

San Francisco, Calif. G. P. HITCHCOCK.

SIR: Will you give me room in your pages to echo Mr. Wilson's approval of Professor Hook's attack on the alleged agreement of dialectical materialism with natural science? . . .

Physical science as a whole is not engaged in the study of matter, as the Marxists would like to believe. It is engaged in the study of material *relations*. Between these two assertions lies all the difference in the world. That matter is the entity of which energy is the process in no wise confirms materialism but rather confutes it. Materialism requires the existence of matter as an ultimate substance, matter being reducible to energy quanta. It should be embarrassing for dogmatic Marxists to find that their substratum is reducible to fixed quanta of energy, since energy proves to be nothing but disturbance-relations and quanta the operation of a threshold principle which is certainly not conformable with the dialectic.

Marxists hurt rather than help their cause, by the dogmatic and rationally and factually unjustified attempt to read their explicit doctrine in places where, according to the doctrine itself, it should not even be.

New Orleans, La. JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN.

Respectfully Submitted

SIR: In your issue of July 14 you print what purports to be a review of my volume of criticism, "Primitivism and Decadence," by R. P. Blackmur. Mr. Blackmur gives the reader only two indications of what is actually in the book, and both are false.

First: He implies that I am unaware of the difficulties of measuring poetic perception by abstract principle; on the contrary, considerable space in the first and third essays was devoted to this subject, and my statement of it was far more clear than Mr. Blackmur's. He no doubt believes that I failed to live up to my own admissions, but he might in common kindness have said so instead of implying that I did not make them; his belief would arise primarily, I should imagine, from a good many of my judgments differing from his own, and from my conscientious attempt to say what I had on my mind with as few apologies and ambiguities as possible, in order to reduce the printer's bill for my somewhat rashly philanthropical publisher.

Second: He states that I praise certain poets in preference to certain others, because of a "formulary about syllabic forms." I take it that this phrase is a contemptuous reference to the criticism of meter, and is not used with reference to "syllabic verse," a particular form of meter which I discussed, for I praised no one for writing syllabic verse, though I praised certain poems written in it for other reasons. If Mr. Blackmur wishes to imply that the meter of a poem has nothing to do with a poem's value, I can only say that he has much to learn; if he means, as he apparently means, to imply that I judged certain poets solely on their meter, he is guilty of a falsehood that misrepresents about three-fourths of my book. I should be moderately interested to know, incidentally, the extent of Mr. Blackmur's acquaintance with the three poets at whose work he sneers publicly in your pages.

There is nothing in his review to indicate the contents of my book; there is much to misrepresent those contents. Either a book is worth reviewing, or it is not; if it is worth reviewing, it is worth reviewing honestly; and when a magazine of the standing of The New Republic prints a review such as Mr. Blackmur's, I respectfully submit that a public explanation is in order.

YVOR WINTERS.

Los Altos, Calif.

SIR: In writing my review of Mr. Winters' admirable book I had two things in mind. I wanted to suggest that when it talked about poetry it was stimulating, pertinent and acute—to the degree that any reader would find it valuable. Secondly, I wanted to suggest what seems to me very important and has a bearing on any criticism, not only Mr. Winters', that the actual values of the book transpire in spite and not because of Mr. Winters' absolute standards. Absolute principles may be necessary in the operation of any work of the mind—indeed I think they are; but it seems to me (and in my own work too) that it is the failure to take one's principles provisionally, the failure to translate them back to the terms of the experience from which they sprang, that leads to defective or exaggerated judgment. Mr. Winters seemed in certain instances a conspicuous example of that failure.

I regret that Mr. Winters feels that I implied that he is "unaware of the difficulties of measuring poetic perception by abstract principle." I should prefer to imply that he is too much aware of them.

Although I may be mistaken, I still believe that Mr. Winters' excessive praise of Bridges, Sturge Moore and Mrs. Daryush may be due to his rigid adherence to certain principles of overt form. I regret, since he resents it, the phrase about syllabic form; I am not sure what would have pleased him better—perhaps metrical pattern.

If I could read the three poets named with any great or sustained pleasure I might feel differently; but I have tried to read them a number of times at Mr. Winters' behest and in his recommended examples, and I cannot. I accept my loss.

For the rest, I do not think that I measure up to Iago.

R. P. BLACKMUR.

Harrington, Me.

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Wages v. Profits

SIR: I recently published an open letter to President Roosevelt, discussing what I believe to be the complete failure of the New Deal in the matter of unemployment. The Los Angeles Times published an editorial in which it said as follows:

> With his customary inaccuracy, Mr. Sinclair says wages have gone up 10 percent, the cost of living 20 percent and profits 50 percent. Everybody knows living costs have gone up faster than wages, but where authority can be found for any statement that profits have gone up 50 percent is unimaginable. They haven't. Most businesses feel they are lucky to break even.

Of course The Times has the facts in its library, and it might more easily have looked it up than make a vague guess about "most business." But The Times preferred to put it up to me to get the data and I have done so. Since they are of national importance, I thought you might be interested to give them to your readers.

In News-Week, November 7, 1936, I find a report upon the profits of the nine major steel concerns of the country, which lost $131,000,000 in 1932; gained over $39,000,000 in 1936. In the second quarter of 1937 they made $36,000,000. I will leave it for The Times' mathematicians to figure out what percentage of gain this represents.

In Business Week for July 11, 1936, I find a table showing the profits made over a ten-year period, by different industries in the United States, classified into 36 groups. The exact figures are not given in this chart. The profits or losses are shown by black lines. I have to estimate the depth of these, and the figures therefore are approximate. One hundred and forty-nine railroads—practically all those in the country—lost $150,000,000 in 1932 and gained $20,000,000 in 1936. Thirteen leading automobile concerns went from minus 20 to plus 200. (All these are millions of dollars.) Twenty-nine steel and iron concerns went from minus 10 to plus 200. Forty-six building and construction concerns went from minus 60 to plus 60. Fifty-four industrial-machinery concerns went from minus 150 to plus 130. Five agricultural-machinery concerns went from minus 100 to plus 100; and finance concerns went from plus 50 to plus 190.

Of all these thirty-six groups, the only ones which did not show large gains between 1932 and 1935 are utilities, telegraph and telephone, and traction, all of whose rates are fixed by law.

As everybody knows, the gains in 1936 over 1935 were large. In Business Week for August 15, 1936, I find figures giving the percentage of gain for the first half of 1936 over the first half of 1935. The first three items listed are:

	Percent
Aircraft	198
Apparel	145
Autos	81

Farther down the list I find railroad equipment, 1255 percent. A total gain for all the industries—and, mark you, this is a gain of one year—is 57 percent. Including utilities the grand total is 61 percent. The only industry to record a loss is coal, which, as you know, is being replaced as a source of power by oil and water power.

The above gains continued through the year of 1936. On November 21 of that year, I find in Business Week statistics for industry over the corresponding quarter for 1935. I find not one failure to gain recorded during this period. I find aircraft gaining 462 percent and steel and iron gaining 264 percent.

As everybody knows, the percentage of increase in 1937 has been even greater than in 1936. In The Analyst, March 26, 1937, I find figures showing what various industries have gained and I quote one sample—building materials, which lost $10,000,000 in 1932, making $40,000,000 in 1936. The files of The Analyst are full of charts and diagrams recording similar gains.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

Noguchi and the Rockefeller Institute

SIR: My attention has just been called to an article by Mr. Edmund Wilson entitled "Taking the Marxist Dialectic Apart," in your issue of August 4, in which reference is made to me in connection with the late Dr. Noguchi. Several years ago my attention was called to a similar statement in a book, if my memory serves me, by John Jay Chapman. At that time it seemed to me unimportant to pay any particular attention to the wholly fanciful story, but now that it is repeated substantially in The New Republic, it may be as well to inform Mr. Wilson and your readers that no such occurrence ever took place.

We all know that stories, especially colorful stories, tend to get started and cluster about certain persons. It is quite profitless to try to catch up with and to correct them in most instances. I am led in this instance to write as I am doing more for your and Mr. Wilson's information than for any hope that I shall put an end to the story's circulation. There may also be some of your readers who will be interested in the facts in the case.

New York City. SIMON FLEXNER.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Two of our Florida readers, A. M. Woodhead, writing from the University of Florida campus, and Will McGuire, of Gainesville, send us copies of the program of the recent production "Waiting for Lefty" by the Florida Group Theatre at the summer session of the University. Both correspondents regard this as a heartening sign of liberalism in Florida.

Norman Burnstine, writing from Hollywood, points out that the discrepancies between incomes of executives and workers as recorded in our compilation "Some Salaries and Wages" were even greater than they appeared. An average weekly wage doesn't by any means indicate that the worker was employed and earning that wage every week in the year, says Mr. Burnstine, whereas the salaries paid executives do not include the income from stock holdings.

The "I Disagree" division has two entries this week. Luigi Criscuolo, 40 Wall Street, New York City, says the communication in our issue of August 18 from Professor Gaetano Salvemini pointing out the likelihood that the Roselli murders in Paris were inspired by Italian Fascist officials is unconvincing—to Mr. Criscuolo, at least—and he challenges Professor Salvemini to produce concrete proof of official Fascist connivance. . . . Corwin Willson, of Flint, Michigan, calls us "provincial" for objecting to the $1,000-per-room limitation put on the Wagner housing bill by the Senate. He thinks an even lower limitation would still permit the building of much new housing in many communities throughout the country.

R. J. Van Sickle, of Deadwood, South Dakota, records the appearance of a new political leader, Arthur Watwood, with an EPIUS (End Poverty in the United States) movement that seems to be gaining many followers in the Northwest.

What's on the Air?

Senator Robert M. La Follette, General Hugh S. Johnson, Herbert Agar, Wilbur Forrest, Henry Haskell and others participate in a symposium on modern democracy at the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations. Monday, August 30, 4 P.M., CBS.

Representative William Lemke, who is actively carrying forward the work of the Union Party, gives his views on "The Necessity for Monetary Reform." Monday, August 30, 7:45 to 8 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Henry R. Luce, publisher of Time, Fortune and Life, speaks on "Unifying Influences in a Democracy." Thursday, September 2, 4:15 P.M., CBS.

John L. Lewis discusses current happenings on the labor front. Friday, September 3, 9:30 to 10 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic items of the week include William N. Robson directing the experimental dramas of the Columbia Workshop while Irving Reis is vacationing in Europe, Sunday, August 29, 7 to 7:30 P.M., CBS; and Frank Black conducting the NBC String Symphony, Tuesday, August 31, 9 to 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A New Philosophical School[1]

LOGICAL positivism is at once the youngest, the most vigorous and the most flourishing of modern philosophical schools. Originating in Vienna about ten years ago, it already has its own vocabulary, journals and international congresses, its prophets, its heresies, a Right wing and a Left. Without a conspicuous American representative, it is nevertheless the doctrine of a considerable number of our younger men, particularly those trained in symbolic logic, recent physics and advanced mathematics, and has already begun to affect the tone of a number of our technical journals. No one interested in modern philosophy can ignore its presence, though it is doubtful whether it has yet achieved sufficient plausibility to merit a detailed refutation.

It claims to provide a rigorous demonstration of the thesis that only the verifiable is significantly true or false, that only mathematical and logical assertions can be necessarily true; and that the former all concern matters of fact, incapable of being affirmed or denied with surety, and that the latter are all tautological and reveal nothing about the world. And thus it eliminates all other discourse, metaphysical, poetic, ethical, etc., as strictly meaningless, having only a psychological, stimulative or emotive force. Speculation is obviously contraband. Patient analysis is *the* philosophic method—metaphysical dilemmas transcended and mathematical and scientific controversies resolved in a multiplicity of distinctions and a symbolism at once abstract and complicated. It asserts that the opposition between realism and idealism, materialism and spiritualism is meaningless, since none of them has anything significant to say, while the opposition between intuitionism and formalism in mathematics, indeterminism and determinism in physics, is harmless, since it can be overcome by making manifest the fact that they involve the use of totally distinct but not incompatible languages.

Weinberg provides an excellent introduction to the entire movement. Sympathetic with its aims, critical of its results, a master of the literature, central and peripheral, he traces its developments up to the present day, analyzing and evaluating with considerable acuteness its views on logic, mathematics, probability, induction, natural law, etc. Most of his stress is on earlier and now abandoned tenets. This has the advantage, however, of giving him the opportunity to offer a very able, much needed commentary on the obscure pioneer work of Wittgenstein, which provided and still provides an inspiration for most of the members of the school. Though there are some portions of the work which are technical and not altogether clear, and other portions not sufficiently cogent or accurate, it is a work which is indispensable for all those anxious to understand the full sweep of the movement, historically and analytically, and who wish to grasp the reasons for the transformations it has recently been impelled to undergo.

Ayer's is a more sprightly, readable, popular work. He is concerned primarily with developing the positivistic view that metaphysical assertions are absolutely meaningless because, dealing with things in themselves, God, souls, etc., they necessarily violate the principle that every significant assertion must be theoretically capable of empirical verification. He is more familiar with classic philosophical literature than most members of the school. However, instead of cavalierly dismissing the history of thought as a series of emotional utterances, he maintains the equally paradoxical position that Plato, Aristotle and Kant were not essentially speculative but "predominantly analytic" thinkers. He wishes to formulate a rigorous empiricism. In the very attempt, however, he swallows, unsuspectingly, a surprising amount of metaphysical dogma. Assuming that every significant assertion is in principle verifiable, he necessarily presupposes the existence of unrealized and unverifiable potentialities; insisting on the absolute certainty that all empirical propositions are dubitable, he inevitably assumes eternal truths regarding the nature of mind, of time and of reality.

Carnap's "Logical Syntax of Language" is of a different order, more solid and painstaking, analytic and detailed. It methodically develops, illustrates and defends the thesis that all significant assertions and valid inferences can be given a clear, precise and analytic expression in a formal symbolism which is flexible enough to permit of the formulation of its own rules in terms of its own concepts. He provides syntaxes for two distinct formal languages, one of them being more pertinent to the views of the mathematical intuitionists and forming a sub-language of the other, which is offered as adequate for the expression of all mathematical, logical and physical truths. There then follows an outline of the nature of a general syntax, offered as appropriate to any language—a language being understood to be a set of symbols constructible and manipulatable in terms of arbitrary rules:

> *In logic there are no morals.* Everyone is at liberty to build up his own logic, *i. e.*, his own form of language as he wishes. All that is required of him is that, if he wishes to discuss it, he must state his methods clearly, and give syntactical rules, instead of philosophic arguments.

The book rests on a number of highly questionable, unexamined assumptions, but within those limits it is one of the most significant of the contributions that have recently been made to that narrow, and perhaps fictitious, domain where barren forms have no commerce with the real, the obscure, the metaphysical and the emotional. It is highly technical and encrusted with symbols, probably beyond the patience and perhaps the capacity of all those who have not devoted years to the study of the intricacies of symbolic logic.

If it is clarity that we cherish it is strange that it should be so far from clear that the achievement of clarity is a sufficient justification for the positivistic assumptions. Why be clear rather than right? Why suppose that all principles of inference are conventions? Why assume that every significant utterance is an independent unit with a fixed and irrevocable meaning, to which the tone in which it is ut-

[1] An Examination of Logical Positivism, by Julius Rodolph Weinberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 318 pages. $3.75.
Language, Truth and Logic, by Alfred J. Ayer. New York: The Oxford University Press. 254 pages. $3.
The Logical Syntax of Language, by Rudolf Carnap. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 368 pages. $7.50.

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tered, the emotion it provokes, the discourse in which it is imbedded and the metaphors it employs are all irrelevant, making no difference to its sense or its implications? So long as such a theory is compelled to take for granted that there are men who haltingly inquire, successfully communicate and partially know, able to provide only probable characterizations of the nature of things, so long must Carnap's conclusion, that philosophy is only "the logical syntax of the language of science," be but a fragment of the truth. To maintain with him that whatever we really know can be clearly said, forces an abrupt, arbitrary chasm between definition and metaphor, analysis and insight, the precise and the dark. Were all time at an end and each fact neatly laid alongside every other, Carnap's principles might enable one to restate the story with neatness and despatch. But as the world now is, shifting and complex, graspable and communicable only so far as one strains every faculty at his command, these principles can but define the way most surely to lose those essential aspects of things which we all obscurely but truly know. PAUL WEISS.

Perelman (S. J.)

Strictly from Hunger by S. J. Perelman. New York: Random House. $2.

WITH A Hollywood apprenticeship behind him, and a fine frenzy, no doubt, in his eye, S. J. Perelman issues these essays, culled from The New Yorker, Life, Judge and other magazines. Though Robert Benchley, in his introduction, describes the author as having cornered the dementia-praecox market, the book steers reasonably clear of absolute mania. It is gibberish, to be sure, but premeditated gibberish by which Mr. Perelman fools his readers into going along with him—and then lets the ground drop out from under their feet. Mr. Perelman's properties include the non-sequitur, the intentional malapropism, the blank irrelevancy, the wild hyperbole; but his most popular device is carrying the figurative to its literal conclusion. "The whistle shrilled, and in a moment I was chugging out of Grand Central's dreaming spires," he writes, while the reader leans back, unsuspecting. "I had chugged only a few feet when I realized that I had left without the train, so I had to run back and wait for it to start." As Charlie Chaplin has complained about similar instances, there is no conduct in this humor.

With the same cockeyed glibness, Mr. Perelman goes off on a bender with advertising blurbs, makes hash of Dostoevsky and his own variety of *lapsus linguae,* or faints under the strain of having Chinese names gang up on him; he twits Clifford Odets, slick scenarios, hypnosis, correspondence courses, passenger lists and mushrooms impartially. In fact, anything serves him as a starting point—from which he often gets nowhere and sometimes does not even start off at all. The impression of so much wandering is rather uneven. Occasionally it falls into the banal by way of literary exercises and quips whose point can be guessed before they turn the corner; more often (as in "Red Termites," the travesty on Red-baiting), it reaches peaks of comic distortion which cover really fine satire. Taken in one gulp, all this waggishness is likely to put a strain on even the most faithful Perelman addict. But absorbed in judicious teaspoonfuls, it is calculated to disturb the sanity of any reader.

If the Marx Brothers represent madness, then Perelman (who has been writing their scripts) is their prophet.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT.

Bayou People

Children of Strangers, by Lyle Saxon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MR. BERRY FLEMING, in his novel "Siesta," makes one of his characters observe (humorously) that the only artistic thing the South ever did was to decay. Exceptions are to be taken, for it may be held that what is generally called decay in the South is most often the result of an abortive attempt to maintain the culture of 1860 upon the changed economic basis and in the different moral climate of today, but there is no question that the debris of the old plantation system has been like a compost pile nurturing much of contemporary Southern writing. Decay is the essential theme of every Faulkner novel (except "Pylon," which is a not altogether successful allegory of the airplane and the weak intellectual) and decay, likewise, is the core of Mr. Erskine Caldwell's fiction. The agrarians occupy themselves chiefly with criticism and poetry, but Miss Caroline Gordon's "Penhally" was essentially a story of decay, and Mr. Allen Tate's "Ode to the Confederate Dead," still one of the finest poems written in our time, is at bottom a longing and a lament for what has gone down to dust.

This novel by Mr. Lyle Saxon, who knows more about Louisiana than many people know about their apartments, is also a story of decay—decay, however, of a very special and interesting kind, and so subordinated to his warm and human story that it is likely to be missed by the casual reader.

Somewhere around 1760, Mr. Saxon tells us, two brothers came from France. One of them, Augustin Vidal, broke his way through the wilderness to a place in northwestern Louisiana where he had a land grant on the Red River—after stopping long enough in New Orleans to enter into one of those extramarital but quite binding relationships between white men and quadroon women that were not uncommon at the time. He left his property to his children and they grew up and married, bringing French architects from New Orleans to design their houses and filling the spacious rooms with the finest furniture. In that remote section of Louisiana a "free mulatto" culture grew up, as formal and imposing, with just as much grace and manners, as the culture of the great plantations.

"Children of Strangers" is the life-story of one of the descendants of old Augustin Vidal, a mulatto girl named Famie who has a child by a white man—an escaped convict whom she meets in the woods and who is killed by a posse. It is, on the surface, the story of a mother's sacrifice for an adored and unadoring son—a spoiled, pampered, almost-white boy who eventually deserts Famie—after she has sold all her land and possessions, after she has been exiled by the mulattoes and fallen to the lower social estate of the Negroes—in order to escape into the ranks of the whites. Beneath the surface, however, it is the story of a section: the story, if we wish to use the word, of the decay that has eaten into all that we call the Old South—even the Old South of the free mulattoes of Red River.

The dual theme of the book is not stressed. The author permits himself few asides. His chief interest is Famie and the society in which she lives. For years Mr. Saxon has lived intimately with the people he writes about and his book is the result of understanding, sympathy and personal experience. It deserves the considerable attention it has been receiving.

HAMILTON BASSO.

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The Anatomy of Jim Crow

Caste and Class in a Southern Town, by John Dollard. New Haven: Yale University Press. 502 pages. $3.50.

UNDER the lash of the great advances in the study of human behavior, the social sciences have in the past two decades tried hard to be psychological. Beginning with vague resolutions, the more recent attempts have been bolder and more clinical. They vary in what basic concepts of psychology are used, and in what they consider to be the goal of a social psychology. In comparison with most of these attempts Dr. Dollard's book is remarkable for its methodological innovations and its effectiveness. His goal is not to "explain" social phenomena with the aid of a set of psychological postulates, but to trace social etiologies and dynamic relationships to the end that our perception of social realities may be clarified and our feeling toward them governed by the confidence that we can alter these seemingly immobile realities.

The book is a clinical study of the relation between white and Negro in a Southern town. The selection of material relevant to a dynamic reconstruction is masterful in its completeness, and its validity is constantly checked by ultimate reference to the individual white and Negro to whose attitudes, ideas and feelings we have access. The criteria the author uses to evaluate the effects of social pressures, he owes to his psychoanalytic orientation. Moreover, he takes a sound view on the relative use to be made of biological factors to explain Negro psychology "after maximum weight is allowed to the historical-social explanations."

To understand the Negro we must recognize the basic fact that he is the product of a specific culture. He is molded by the mores of his family life, the social dependencies, the avenues of permissible gratifications, and the inevitable direction of his hostilities—all of which are derivations of the social organization of the slave class. The caste system today, constitutional liberty notwithstanding, not only leaves this social organization of slave days intact, but fortifies the defences of the whites with new repressive measures. No one can now reconstruct what the original nature of the Negro was. His character today is the result of the cumulative pressures created by the white man, and their automatic perpetuation as group mores. These characteristics strangely enough eventually become the rationalizations on which the white man justifies his emotional attitude to the Negro.

This central situation becomes a source of economic, prestige and sexual gains to the white man, and a constant source of pressure on the Negro to take on definite "accommodative attitudes" which show in his every characteristic from gait to dream life. The white man's hostilities augment his anxiety about the much exaggerated militancy attributed to the Negro, an anxiety which can only be relieved by bigger doses of aggression. The result is a deep mutual distrust. The only reward of the Negro is a greater degree of impulse freedom in exchange for the possibility of a higher status and the hopeless degradation of his self-esteem.

The wisdom of Dr. Dollard's choice in exploiting the historical and the social aspects of the problem before calling on the biological factor is most effectively demonstrated in his study of the middle-class Negro, and in Dr. Leonard Doob's study of the poor whites in an appendix to the book. The middle-class Negro has to all intents the white man's character and ideals; but he has in addition the features caused by the frustration of his attempts to achieve the white man's gains.

The book has much to teach every reader who is interested in the social sciences; it is a bit of anthropology in our own back yard, and one of the first successful attempts to apply the newer psychoanalytic approach to clinical sociology. To those who are interested in social therapy or prophylaxis—a subject on which Dr. Dollard is not explicit—the book points a lesson on the subject of human exploitation. "The slavery system was not a benign device for inducting the Negro into full participation in American life, but obviously a device for getting work done without regard to its effect on the Negro personality." The "Negro problem" is that part of the story which deals with how the piper is paid.

ABRAHAM KARDINER.

Mexico's Way Out

The Ejido: Mexico's Way Out, by Eyler M. Simpson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 870 pages. $5.

DURING the past two decades scores of books have been written about revolutionary and post-revolutionary Mexico. The central fact of this period has been the agrarian movement, a product of the intense desires of millions of peasants for "land and liberty." Nevertheless, it has remained for Mr. Simpson to give us the first comprehensive analysis of this basic phenomenon.

The first provision for the granting of *ejidos,* or village communal lands, was made in 1915. Two years later, this method of breaking up the *haciendas* and distributing their acres to landless peasant communities was formally recognized in the now famous Article 27 of the Constitution, and since then the *ejido* has been the chief instrument of agrarian reform.

In a general way, the achievements and failures of the *ejido* have been well known. While a significant, though relatively small, proportion of peasants were rescued from peonage and semi-starvation, up until the middle of 1934, the period with which Mr. Simpson concludes his work, only a small dent had been made in the old feudal system of landholding.

This none-too-hopeful progress of land distribution, and all its related social and economic problems, Mr. Simpson has examined with painstaking thoroughness and with an admirable understanding of the encyclopedic material he has amassed. Fortified against a romantic approach to his subject by a firm grasp of history, geography, economics, agronomy and anthropology and a persistent devotion to the scientific method, Mr. Simpson in addition spent eight years in Mexico compiling statistics and collecting first-hand data.

The result is nothing less than a monumental study. It not only involves the history of land tenure and the concepts of property rights from pre-Columbian times to the end of the Calles regime, but it provides us, for the first time, with a technical discussion of actual and potential soil cultivation, proving conclusively that the limited agricultural resources of Mexico, if properly used, are sufficient to supply abundant food for the entire population. As incidental contribution, Mr. Simpson in the course of his work explodes dozens of fables about Mexico, myths ranging from race theories and "communism" to the supposedly idyllic pleasures of primitive life and the generalizations of Stuart Chase.

One must agree with Mr. Simpson that the *ejido* is Mexico's way out—that is, the coöperative *ejido* within a socialized and intelligently industrialized state. However, in the last analysis the realization of such a program is a politi-

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cal task, and here we touch upon the weakness of the book. Mr. Simpson considers only the more obvious political aspects of agrarianism, neglecting the deeper causes of the Calles sell-out, the relationship between land reform and foreign political interests, the function of the peasant leagues and the role of organized labor in the struggle for "land and liberty."

This deficiency, let it be clear, in no wise detracts from the eminently sound conclusions of the author; nor does the fact that the very recent extraordinary progress of the *ejido* calls for an elaborate postscript make his book any less indispensable to specialist and layman alike.

MAURICE HALPERIN.

Stories of Transition

Living China, edited by Edgar Snow. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. A John Day book. $2.50.

EDGAR SNOW'S "Living China" is the most successful attempt yet made to bridge the chasm between Chinese modern literature and the American reading public.

Mr. Snow is an American journalist who went to China, mixed with the Chinese and showed deep interest not only in the politics but also in the socio-economic and cultural life of the country. He not only visited museums and talked to officials but also befriended writers, artists and plain people. He refuses to close his eyes to the great drama of historic change in China and has set out, as he says in the introduction, to "find out and to make available to Western readers the answer to the question, 'What is happening to the creative mind of modern China?'" With an eye to their literary excellence as well as to their sociological and historical significance, he selected twenty-four short stories from the works of eighteen leading writers. He did an editorial job of unexcelled diligence and has not only given us the best possible English version of these stories but also provided us with biographical notes of most of the authors and a rather comprehensive essay on modern Chinese literature by Nym Wales.

To a Chinese in his early thirties, the reading or rereading of these stories is almost like reliving the last twenty years of his life, years filled with sharp and cruel conflicts both in his social milieu and in his intellectual and emotional life.

It will be impossible for American readers to feel so intensely about these stories, but characters like Lu Hsun's Kung I-chi and Hsin Ling Sao, satirical essays like Lu Hsun's "Mothers," Lin Yutang's "The Dog-Meat General," and stories like Yü Ta-fu's "Wistaria and Dodder," Shih Ming's "Fragment from a Lost Diary," Chang T'ien-yi's "Mutation," and T'ien Chün's "The Third Gun" can hardly fail to leave a strong impression. Sociologically, seven of the stories deal with the tragic effects of the old Chinese family system, two give us a glimpse of imperialist domination, nine bring out various aspects of the semi-feudal superstition and backwardness of old China, and three describe vigorously certain aspects of the underground revolutionary movement and the anti-Japanese struggle in Manchuria.

There are not very many of these stories which can be considered samples of great art, but as social documents, registering the contemporary cultural transformation of one-quarter of the human race, their significance can scarcely be exaggerated.

CH'AO-TING CHI.

Essex

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by G. B. Harrison. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 370 pages. $3.

THE RISE and fall of Robert, Earl of Essex, is one of those tragedies which held a special fascination for the Renaissance, with its interest in the permutations of fortune and that mutability in human affairs of which Spenser was writing when death brought "The Faerie Queene" to a fragmentary close. It is of perennial attraction to modern readers for the light it throws on the characters of Elizabeth, Raleigh, the Cecils, the Bacons, the Earl of Southampton (Shakespeare's patron) and the political interests of Shakespeare himself. Mr. Harrison has not undertaken to rival Lytton Strachey's account in "Elizabeth and Essex." He prefers to let the story tell itself in large part by the use of documents from the collection of the Cecil papers at Hatfield House, of which he notes that his predecessor made little use. His book does not lose interest by reason of his method, for they were all marvelous letter writers, Essex above the rest.

If Mr. Harrison has not added anything material to Strachey's narrative, he shows that it was the acute question of the succession to the throne—to which Essex possessed a claim by descent from Edward III—and Elizabeth's morbid fear, in her old age, of a control tending toward deposition, which made it impossible for her to forgive her former favorite. The shadow of Richard II was over her, and the Lord Chamberlain's Company was hired to present Shakespeare's play the day before Essex attempted his rising.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Economic Realities

Big Business: Its Growth and Its Place, edited by Alfred L. Bernheim. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 115 pages. $1.35.

The Modern Economy in Action, by Caroline F. Ware and Gardiner C. Means. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 244 pages. $1.60.

SEVERAL studies of corporate growth and concentration in American industry have appeared in recent years, but the findings to date are so astonishing and disturbing that the Twentieth Century Fund now ventures to offer a series of volumes on "big business." This, their first volume in the series, attempts to put big business in its proper place against the whole background of American economic life. They argue that many previous studies have been so highly focused on the large corporations themselves that the public has lost sight of those vast areas in American industry which are not incorporated at all, or in which the small company predominates.

"Big Business" presents pages of figures to show that great variations in the extent of concentration of control occur among different industries, some like the public-utility, mining and certain manufacturing fields being dominated by large business units, while others like agriculture are dominated by small individual units. The volume concludes that since only 57 percent of our economic life (62 percent if government is excluded) is carried on by corporations, it is just as true to say that big business does not predominate in America as to say that it does. But can the influence of the big corporations be measured by the proportion their business volume makes of the total business activity? The authors apparently have misgivings about drawing such conclusions purely on statistics, because they

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indicate that there are other instruments of concentration and control—such as interlocking directorates, investment trusts, trade associations, and banking affiliates—the influence of which does not appear in the statistics given in the volume. This is a weakness of the book, since it is purely factual, economic judgments and suggestions for action having been reserved for later volumes.

Ware and Means, in contrast to the Twentieth Century Fund volume, present material that is entirely interpretative. The authors, using the data which have already been made available on American corporate growth and industrial concentration in other studies, make a significant contribution by their interpretation of the economic implications and social consequences of such growth and concentration. They show how our present system of economic and political thought, based on the naïve assumptions of neo-classical (equilibrium) economics, does not fit the realities of contemporary life. They show how the existence of "inflexible" prices accompanying corporate growth in some fields, along with "flexible" prices in others where the large corporation has not developed, has raised havoc with modern capitalism. They show why the administered prices of large corporate units are held up and output is cut in response to a drop in purchasing power, rather than prices cut and output maintained, which traditional economics argued would occur as a natural consequence of seeking the highest possible profit.

Ware and Means show that the significant thing is not what proportion of our total business activity is dominated by big business, but that some parts of it are, while others are not. Thus, it is the very existence of partial planning which makes general planning appear so imperative. Their thesis is so well sustained throughout the book as the various types of problems confronting the new economy (one dominated by large corporations) are carefully analyzed, that this volume ranks high among the economic treatises of recent years. "The Modern Economy in Action" is difficult reading in spots, oversimplified in others, but on the whole it is a clear and surprisingly complete analysis of how our modern economy functions and why.

ROLAND R. RENNE.

Dust Bowl

The Tree Falls South, by Wellington Roe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

WITHOUT choosing to offer information on regional planning, "The Tree Falls South" presents drought in terms of its human tragedy. The setting is a Kansas county in the dust bowl, where rain comes before relief and the rain is too late. The material of the book places it in the class of news novels, but by its method it clearly intends to be not reporting but real fiction. It is almost the length of a long short story, the technique of which it uses in its quick action and its avoidance of description. One sees a hitherto solvent farmer, without even a mortgage, reduced to nothing by the long drought. His wife is gored by a bull (a gratuitous misfortune, for story's sake), and he himself is killed while helping to lead an aimless, peaceable march on the county courthouse. Though oversimplified and streamlined, it is all accurate enough—the farmers' rebelliousness which must be satisfied by action, their tardy, uninstructed groping for something more than trainloads of drinking water, the difference of interests between town and country.

The author's foreword indicates his intention to make the story typical, and so he has; but that does not forbid the observation that, though Kansas farms may blow away, a story about them would do better not to be so loosely attached to its location. This one is anchored by nothing stronger than a few actual place-names. Negligible in all the other elements of fiction, it is nevertheless an effective narrative, illustrated—as it is certain to be—by the pictures it recalls to one's memory of dying cattle, waterless streams, farms turned desert and air murky with the good earth.

KEITH HOLLINGSWORTH.

Books in Brief

William Penn: A Topical Biography, by William I. Hull. New York: The Oxford University Press. 378 pages. $5.

PROFESSOR Hull's topical study is scholarly and exhaustive. The many-sided and farsighted figure that it recreates seems at times almost startlingly contemporary. The son of a wealthy English admiral, Penn was sent to Oxford but was soon expelled for religious nonconformity. Converted to Quakerism, he was an indefatigable debater and pamphleteer on theological questions and a staunch protagonist of toleration. He gave to Pennsylvania a constitution which, nearly a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, embodied the principles of religious and civil rights, the right to trial by jury and full adult male suffrage except in the case of criminals. The humanitarian code which he gave Pennsylvania also abolished the death penalty for some two hundred offenses for which it was still retained in England for many years, and kept it for only one crime, murder. He left innumerable works on religious, political and ethical questions, three of which have come to be classics, One of these, the famous "An Essay toward . . . the Peace of Europe," was an early plan for a League of Nations." The book covers not only every phase of Penn's life and character, his ancestry and his family but the English social background at various periods of his life.

M. G.

The English Coöperatives, by Sydney R. Elliott. New Haven: Yale University Press. 220 pages. $3.

In only two hundred pages Mr. Elliott gives a remarkably complete picture of the hundred years of struggle lying between the dingy little shop in Rochdale and the "world's biggest Big Business" of today. For all his enthusiasm he does not bank too dogmatically on "the middle way" as a means in itself; he realizes that a labor government is essential to the coöperatives in a fight for a stake in the major industries. So his plea is for greater labor coöperative solidity and, chiefly, for greater realization on the part of labor of the value of the coöperatives in the political and economic fields. Excellent for reference, illustrated, and including a list of coöperative products.

R. V.

Bishop Butler and the Age of Reason, by Ernest C. Mossner. New York: The Macmillan Company. 286 pages. $2.50.

The intellectual climate of the Age of Reason is really the heart of Dr. Mossner's theme. Bishop Butler is a key-figure to the age because his works embody "a reaction against the hitherto prevalent doctrine of the sufficiency of reason" and foreshadow "the direction in which that doctrine was to topple." Under the dominating empiricism of Locke, deism had undermined theology until eighteenth-century orthodoxy was hardly more than a modified image

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of its foe. But the attack bore the hidden seeds of its own disintegration. Hume and his followers demonstrated that the weapons of deism destroyed deism as well. There was no possible compromise between revelation and skepticism, and in the latter half of the century "enthusiasm" broke through the dogmas of reason, evangelists like Wesley returning to faith and preaching "the religion of the heart." The reign of reason had entered its decline. Dr. Mossner relates the once celebrated author of the "Analogy" to those intellectual cross-currents, and traces the dominant motif of reason in the science, philosophy and literature of the age. He has produced a well planned and intellectually competent book. E. J.

Changing Man: The Soviet Education System, by Beatrice King. New York: The Viking Press. 319 pages. $2.75.

Miss King is chairman of the educational section of the Society for Cultural Relations. During the last few years she has spent many months in Russia. While there she saw the Soviet school system in operation. In this book she tells intelligently, but with restraint, exactly what she saw. She visited all types of educational institutions, from the nursery schools to the coeducational universities. She realizes that none of them is perfect; and she points out their deficiencies. Yet when she compares the formal education which the young Russians are receiving today with the ignorance through which the Tsars kept their parents in subjection, and the strange adaptations of the Dalton Plan and the Project Method by which the Bolsheviks tried to teach their older brothers and sisters, she thinks that the present generation is pedagogically rather fortunate. The history they learn about other countries is often fantastic and curiously interpreted. Yet from the time they enter nursery school until they are graduated from the universities, they are taught how to use their hands in fashioning useful objects. And that, in the country in which they now happen to live, is worth more to them than all the "bourgeois" philosophers that they are not allowed to read.

G. A.

Contributors

ERNEST O. HAUSER, at present a member of the research staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations, has been in the Far East several years as correspondent for a group of European newspapers. He wrote the Foreign Policy Report, "Anglo-Japanese Rivalry in Southeastern Asia."

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs. His many books include "Rebel India," which was published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

PAUL WEISS, associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, is a Guggenheim Fellow for 1937-38. His "Reality," a systematic work in philosophy, is to be published next spring.

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CH'AO-TING CHI, author of "Key Economic Areas in Chinese History," is a member of the editorial board of Amerasia, a monthly magazine dealing with America and the Far East. He also lectures at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

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The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Martha Gruening, Richard Vaughan, Edgar Johnson and Grace Adams.

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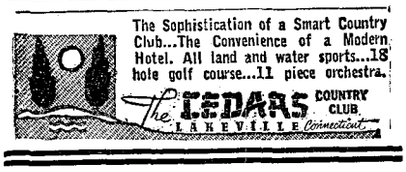
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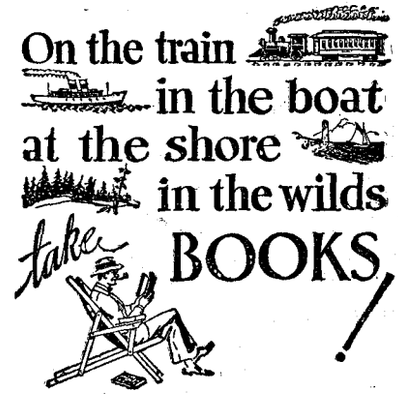

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